

THE  
**NATIONAL MAGAZINE,**  
 AND  
**GENERAL REVIEW.**

VOL. I. No. VI.—APRIL 1, 1827.

**CONTENTS.**

I. LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT PEEL .....	323
II. "God save the King" .....	332
III. A Visit to the Assizes .....	333
IV. The Literature of England, No. V. ....	337
V. A Hint to the London University .....	342
VI. To Ada, on her Birthday .....	344
VII. A First Arrival at Calcutta .....	345
VIII. Serenade .....	349
IX. Collectanea, No. V. ....	350
X. Woman .....	354
XI. The Tyrant's Funeral .....	358
XII. "Popping the Question" .....	359
XIII. Solitude .....	365
XIV. Capillology and Phrenology .....	365
XV. Moonlight .....	368
XVI. Pearls of Poesy, No. III.—S. T. Coleridge .....	369
XVII. REVIEW :---Narrative of the Burmese War, by Major Snodgrass; Rough Notes, by Capt. Head; Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford, &c. ....	373
XVIII. NOTICES OF MUSIC :---Kentish Melodies; Voluntary by Miss Fleet, &c. ....	379
XIX. Monthly Register---the Drama, No. VI.; Literary and Domestic Intel- ligence, &c. &c. ....	381

**LONDON:**

H. DIXON, 19, CAREY STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS;

SOLD BY SHERWOOD AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW; SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' HALL COURT; J. CHAPPELL, AND E. WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE; J. CAPES, 111, FLEET STREET; W. TAYLOR, WHITE HART COURT, LOMBARD STREET; SUSTENANCE AND STRETCH, PERCY STREET, RATHBONE PLACE; J. ATTFIELD, KINGSTON; J. RUSHER, READING; J. DECK, BURY ST. EDMUND'S; J. WRIGHTSON, BIRMINGHAM; E. WILLIAMS, BATH; MESSRS. LANCASTERS, BRISTOL; J. STACEY, NORWICH; T. MILLER, LYNN; A. GRAHAM, DUBLIN; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

**Price, 1s. 6d.**

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

---

"Old English Dramatists," and "Recollections of London," in our next; also the lines by "Catharine."

"D——n" is declined.

Letters are left at our publisher's for H. I., J. M. L., Turcoman, Tally Ho! and Q.

S. S. is referred to any Latin Dictionary. We cannot answer such silly questions.

X. Y. Z. twelve o'clock on Monday, 9th April.

T. had better send his lines to the Pawnbrokers—they may purchase them, we shall not.

The "Song" sent by "Custos," is an execrable translation from the French: he has not wit enough to be a successful rogue.

Correspondents upon Capillology are referred to our article upon that Science.

Witness Ourselves,

JON. OLDBUCK, the Younger.

# LETTER TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE ROBERT PEEL, UPON

CERTAIN SUGGESTED AMENDMENTS IN THE PRACTICE OF THE LAW,  
ESPECIALLY AS REGARDS THE RECOVERY OF SMALL DEBTS.

SIR,—In addressing myself to you upon this subject, I am spared the necessity of proving that there are parts of our legal system which require alteration. The acts of parliament which you have procured to be enacted for amendment of the laws relating to juries, and the more effectual administration of criminal justice, sufficiently testify your opinion upon this point. The benefit you have conferred upon your fellow countrymen by these acts of parliament, is not confined to the cases in which their operation is immediately felt; they have effects far wider and more extensive, operating not only upon the general administration of the law, into which they have introduced a new spirit, but upon the people at large, whose notice has been by their means attracted to other branches of our legal system, equally deserving attention, and equally standing in need of alteration.

It appears evident, that in all good governments there ought to be a reciprocal feeling between the law and the subject; and as changes occur in the manners, customs, state, condition, and opinions of the latter, so ought there to be a proportionable alteration in the former. All history proclaims, that changes in the moral and intellectual condition of mankind have been continually taking place—silently, gradually, but certainly; and the more we know of the constitution of the human mind, the more we become satisfied that such must always be the case. The opinions of the man are built upon the ruins of childhood's fancies; and so also the first rude notions of an uncivilized people are discarded one by one; new institutions supersede ancient policy---new doctrines succeed to exploded opinions---the desuetude of old laws, makes way for fresh enactments; and the intellectual light, which in the morning of a nation's history can scarcely be seen to glimmer above the horizon, soon shines forth with unanticipated and meridian splendour.

Some of the changes which thus occur, come on gradually; they occasion little inconvenience, and their operation is scarcely perceived. A peculiar custom may become obsolete---a superstition be derided, or a language fall into disuse, without affecting the interests of the people at large, and, therefore, without exciting much of their attention; but the mighty alterations which a few centuries produce, are not confined within such narrow limits as these. The genius and character of a people may be, and often are, entirely altered and subdued---causes of great importance cease to operate---policy becomes impolitic---morality, immoral, and institutions, which seemed to form part of the very frame and constitution of society, gradually moulder into decay.

It not unfrequently has occurred, also, that although the original reason or cause of an institution has ceased to exist---although the



state of society which rendered the adoption of a certain line of conduct necessary or politic, has passed away, yet the institution itself, with all its privileges, is allowed to survive—the same conduct continues to be pursued, and that even when it is attended with consequences not merely harmless, but actually harsh and oppressive. All the ancient governments of Europe would furnish illustrations of the truth of this remark, but it is not necessary to go beyond our own country, nor would I enter into so wide a field of consideration, as the full extent of this subject opens to view. My object at present is to point out certain anomalies in the practice of our civil courts, so far as affects the recovery of small debts—instances in which the form still remains, although the necessity—the reason for its adoption has long since become obsolete.

Before, however, I enter upon this subject, allow me to abjure all participation in that spirit of enmity to every thing ancient and established, the existence of which cannot be too much deplored—that spirit whose very breath is pestilential, and under the influence of which, constitutions, privileges and religions would at once wither and decay. My wish is but to prune some few of those wide-spreading and useless branches, into which the vigour of the law is too often diverted.

I shall for the present confine myself to the consideration of the proceedings which are termed “by Bill,” that is, proceedings in the King’s Bench, in which the complaining party is supposed to exhibit to the court his “bill” of complaint. Previous, however, to the exhibition of this bill, there are certain writs to be issued for the purpose of bringing the defendant into court, to answer to the complaint about to be made against him. In order, however, to shew more clearly the nature of these writs, as well as of the other proceedings, I shall trace the progress of a common suit for the recovery of a trifling debt, say £5 for goods sold, from its commencement, introducing nothing that is not strictly conformable to the ordinary course of practice, and it will then be clearly seen how much of that practice has fallen into disuse, although the ancient forms are still retained, and held necessary to be adopted.

The first proceeding which is taken, is to issue the following writ against the defendant, and it will be noticed, that ALL THOSE PASSAGES WHICH ARE PRINTED IN ITALICS, ARE AT PRESENT USELESS---UNFOUNDED IN FACT, AND ENTIRELY FICTITIOUS.

“George the Fourth by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. *To the Sheriff of Kent Greeting, Whereas, we lately commanded our Sheriff of Middlesex, that he should take Charles Hodgson and John Doe, if they should be found in his bailiwick, and them safely keep, so that he might have their bodies before us at Westminster, at a certain day now past, to answer James Thomson of a plea of trespass; and our said Sheriff of Middlesex, at that day returned to us that the said Charles and John were not found in his bailiwick, whereupon on the behalf of the said James it is sufficiently testified in our Court before us, that the said Charles and John do run up and down, and secrete themselves in your county. Therefore, we command you that you take them, if they shall be found in your bailiwick, and them safely keep, so that you may have their bodies before us at Westminster, on Monday next after eight days of Saint Hilary, to answer to the said James of the plea aforesaid, and have there then this writ.*



Witness, Sir Charles Abbott, Knight, at Westminster, the 28th day of November, in the seventh year of our reign.  
Ellenborough and Markham.

Mr. Charles Hodgson, you are served with this process to the intent that you may by your attorney appear in his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, at the return thereof, being the 23rd day of January, 1827, in order to your defence in this action.

(Indorsed)---P. Tomkins,

Attorney,  
23, Size Lane,  
29th December, 1826."

Now, sir, what possible reason can be assigned for the retention of that part of the writ which is printed in italics? The writ is directed to the sheriff; but he never hears of it. A copy of it is served upon the defendant by the plaintiff's attorney, without the intervention of the sheriff or his power. The recital of the writ into Middlesex, is wholly fictitious, as is also the statement, that the defendants "run up and down and secrete themselves."---Anciently, *all* defendants were put under arrest by the sheriff, and then the form might be correct; but since that practice has been limited to certain debts, and certain causes of action, the writ is entirely absurd. The "John Doe," who is introduced, is known by all the world to be fictitious; that or any other name is inserted to make the nonsense grammatical, the writs being printed in the plural form---"*their* bodies"---"*they* run up and down," &c. The witnessing part at the conclusion is equally nonsensical; it is not issued by the Chief Justice, or with his privity, nor is it issued on the day inserted there. That must always be a day in term, *although the cause of action may not have accrued until after the end of the term.* The only part of the parchment that is useful is the concluding notice, which contains every thing in it that is true.

The defendant having been served with this process, puts in what is termed common bail, that is, he signifies his appointment of an attorney, and that he is prepared to enter upon his defence. The following is the form of this proceeding; the useless and fictitious parts being printed as before.

Hilary Term, in the seventh year of the reign of King George the Fourth.

Kent to wit---Charles Hodgson having been served with process, *is delivered to bail to John Doe, of London, Yeoman, and Richard Roe, of the same place, Yeoman, at the suit of James Thomson.*

22nd Jan. 1827.

Benjamin Spriggs, Attorney.

The delivery to bail here recited, and which formerly was the case, is now entirely fictitious; and John Doe and Richard Roe, those friends to the attornies, again come forward to support the farce. How much more reasonable would it be to omit the absurd form, and state the fact, that the defendant appears by such an attorney!

The defendant now being what is termed "in Court," the plaintiff proceeds to prefer his complaint against him, and in the case of a demand for goods sold and delivered, it is usually in the following form, which is termed---the declaration.

"IN THE KING'S BENCH---Hilary Term, in the seventh year of the reign of King George the Fourth.

Kent to wit—James Thomson complains of Charles Hodgson, *being in the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea of our Lord the now King, before the King himself, in a plea of Trespass on the Case.*

For that WHEREAS the said defendant, heretofore to wit on the first day of December, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-six, at Maidstone, in the County of Kent, was indebted to the said plaintiff in the sum of twenty pounds, of lawful money of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, for divers goods, wares, and merchandizes of the said plaintiff, by the said plaintiff before that time sold and delivered to the said defendant at his special instance and request. And being so indebted, he the said defendant in consideration thereof, afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, undertook, and then and there faithfully promised the said plaintiff to pay to him the said sum of money whenever afterwards he the said defendant should be thereunto requested. And whereas also afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, in consideration that the said plaintiff, at the like special instance and request of the said defendant, had before that time sold and delivered to him the said defendant, divers other goods, wares, and merchandizes of him the said plaintiff, the said defendant undertook, and then and there faithfully promised the said plaintiff to pay him so much money as the last mentioned goods, wares, and merchandizes at the time of the sale and delivery thereof were reasonably worth, whenever afterwards he the said defendant should be thereunto requested, and the said plaintiff avers that the goods, wares, and merchandizes last mentioned, at the time of the sale and delivery thereof were reasonably worth other twenty pounds of the like lawful money, to wit at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, whereof the said defendant afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, there had notice: AND WHEREAS also the said defendant, afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, was indebted to the said plaintiff in the further sum of twenty pounds of like lawful money, for so much money by the said plaintiff before that time lent and advanced to the said defendant at his like special instance and request; and being so indebted, he the said defendant in consideration thereof, afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, undertook, and then and there faithfully promised the said plaintiff to pay to him the said some of money last mentioned, whenever afterwards he the said defendant should be thereunto requested: AND WHEREAS also the said defendant, afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, was indebted to the said plaintiff in the further sum of twenty pounds of like lawful money, for so much money by the said plaintiff, before that time paid, laid out, and expended to and for the use of the said defendant at his like special instance and request; and being so indebted, he the said defendant in consideration thereof, afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, undertook, and then and there faithfully promised the said plaintiff, to pay to him the said sum of money last mentioned, whenever afterwards he the said defendant should be thereunto requested: AND WHEREAS also the said defendant, afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, was indebted to the said plaintiff in the further sum of twenty pounds of like lawful money, for so much money by the said defendant before that time had and received to and for the use of the said plaintiff, and being so indebted, he the said defendant in consideration thereof, afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, undertook, and then and there faithfully promised the said plaintiff to pay to him the said sum of money last mentioned, whenever afterwards he the said defendant should be thereunto requested: AND WHEREAS also the said defendant, afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, accounted with the said plaintiff of and concerning divers other sums of money from the said defendant to the said plaintiff, before that time due and owing, and then in arrear and unpaid; And upon that account the said defendant, was then and there found to be in arrear and indebted to the said plaintiff in the further sum of twenty pounds of like lawful money; and being so found in arrear and indebted, he the said defendant in consideration thereof, afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, undertook, and then and there faithfully promised the said plaintiff to pay to him the said sum of money last mentioned, whenever afterwards he the said defendant should be thereunto requested; yet the said defendant not regarding his said several promises and undertakings so by him in manner and form aforesaid made, but contriving and fraudulently intending craftily and



subtly to deceive and defraud the said plaintiff, in this respect hath not yet paid the said several sums of money or any part thereof to the said plaintiff, although the said defendant afterwards (to wit) on the same day and year aforesaid, and oftentimes afterwards at Maidstone aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, was requested by the said plaintiff to pay him the same; but the said defendant to pay the same, or any part thereof, hath hitherto altogether refused, and still doth refuse, to the damage of the said plaintiff of twenty pounds, and therefore he brings his Suit, &c.

I will not descant, sir, upon the absurdity of this form, every word of which is usual and common in actions brought for the recovery of any debt for goods sold, if the amount be above forty shillings. Professional men become so familiar with this proceeding, that their eyes are blind to the nonsense it contains; but I appeal not to those who have an interest in supporting these absurdities, but to the judgment of common sense. What good reason can there be for introducing into the bill of the plaintiff, a variety of grounds of complaint, which are entirely fictitious? The only reason that I am aware of is, that the attorney is paid according to the number of words of which the bill is composed.

But, sir, we will pass on. The answer of the defendant to this charge of the plaintiff, is in the following form.

"And the said defendant, by Benjamin Spriggs his attorney, comes and defends the wrong and injury when, &c. and says that he did not undertake or promise in manner and form as the said plaintiff hath above thereof complained against him, and of this he the said defendant puts himself upon the country," &c.

This is termed the defendant's plea. If the plaintiff is desirous of trying the defendant's liability, he laconically replies to the defendant's appeal to "the country"—"And the said plaintiff doth the like."—This single instance of any thing like conciseness in the style of legal proceedings, concludes what are termed the pleadings. The plaintiff now gives the defendant a notice of trial, and at the same time delivers to his attorney what is termed the issue, that is, a fair copy of all the previous pleadings, of which the defendant must of necessity have had copies. The issue concludes with the following words.

"Therefore let a Jury thereupon come before our Lord the King at Westminster, on Monday next after eight days of the Purification, by whom, &c. and neither, &c. to recognize, &c. because as well, &c. the same day is given to the parties aforesaid at the same place."

This most elegant and easily understood conclusion brings the cause into a state fit for trial. The day mentioned, Monday next after eight days of the Purification, is a day *before* the assizes or sittings at which the cause can be tried; and whether the trial is to take place in London, or in the Country, the direction to the jury is, that they are to be at Westminster. The sheriff is also directed by the following writ to cause the jury to be at Westminster at the before-mentioned day.

"George the Fourth, by the Grace of God, &c. To the Sheriff of Kent, greeting. We command you that you cause to come before us at Westminster, on Monday next after eight days of the Purification, twelve free and lawful men of the body of your county, each of whom has ten pounds a-year at the least of lands, tenements, or rents, by whom the truth of the matter may be the better known, and who are in no wise akin either to James Thomson the plaintiff, or Charles Hodgson the defendant, to make a certain jury of the country between the parties aforesaid of a plea of trespass on the case, because as well the said James as the said Charles, between whom the matter in variance is, have put themselves upon that jury, and have there then the names of the jurors and



this writ. Witness, Sir Charles Abbott, Knight, at Westminster, the twelfth day of February, in the seventh year of our reign. Ellenborough and Markham."

The reason for this writ has entirely vanished. Anciently all trials took place at Westminster, and the sheriff summoned the jury to go to Westminster, by that writ called the Venire. The distance which some of the jurors had to travel, caused it to be extremely inconvenient for them to attend, and in consequence the following writ of distringas was issued to compel their attendance.

"George the Fourth, by the Grace of God, &c. To the Sheriff of Kent, greeting. We command you that you distrain the several persons named in the panel hereunto annexed, jurors, summoned in our Court before us between James Thomson plaintiff, and Charles Hodgson defendant, by all their lands and chattels in your bailiwick, so that neither they nor any one by them do lay hands on the same, until you have another command from us in that behalf, and that you answer to us for the issues of the same, so that you have their bodies before us at Westminster on Wednesday next after fifteen days of Easter, according to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, to make a certain jury between the said parties of a plea of trespass on the case, and to hear their judgment thereupon of many defaults, and have then the names of the jurors and this writ. Witness, Sir Charles Abbott, Knight, at Westminster, the twelfth day of February, in the seventh year of our reign."

This writ, although it perhaps compelled the jurors to attend, did not lessen the inconvenience, which at last was so sensibly felt, that it produced the holding of assizes by the King's justices, and the trial of causes in every county. Still the old writs were retained, the only alteration being the introduction of the following words, immediately after the return of the distringas, "or before our justices assigned to hold the assizes in and for the county of Kent, if they shall first come at Maidstone, in the said county, on Monday, the twenty-sixth day of March now next ensuing." With this alteration, the practice respecting the writs to summon juries remains as it anciently was. The writs of venire and distringas, and all the obsolete practice of summoning the jurors to attend at Westminster, are still in form adhered to.

A relic of this old practice is also to be found in the record of Nisi Prius, which is a fair copy of the proceedings, and is taken down to the assizes for the information of the court, on the trial of the cause. At the conclusion are these words.

"The jury between James Thomson plaintiff, and Charles Hodgson defendant, of a plea of trespass on the case, is respited before our Lord the King at Westminster, on Wednesday next after fifteen days of Easter, unless His Majesty's Justices assigned to take the Assizes in and for the County of Kent shall first come on Monday, the twenty-sixth day of March, at Maidstone in the said county, according to the form of the statute in such case made and provided for default of the jurors, because none of them did appear. Therefore let the Sheriff have the bodies of the said jurors, to make the said jury between the parties aforesaid of the plea aforesaid accordingly, the same day is given to the parties aforesaid at the same place. And be it known, that the King's writ on record was delivered to the Under-Sheriff of the said county on the twelfth day of February, in this same term, before our Lord the King, at Westminster, to be executed according to law, at his peril."

Thus, sir, I have traced the progress of a suit for the recovery of a common debt, from its commencement, until it is in a condition to be tried. The costs of the plaintiff's share of the various proceedings I have noticed amount to about 12*l*.—The costs of a trial, and the costs

subsequent to that period, are of course considerable; but very few causes for small debts are tried—they are mostly settled at some of the intermediate stages, either by the defendant taking the benefit of the insolvent act, or making some arrangement for payment. In the first of these cases, the amount of the costs falls upon the plaintiff, who finds his original loss doubled or tripled; in the latter, the honest but necessitous, defendant is compelled to pay forty or sixty shillings for every pound of his original debt. The frequent occurrence of such cases has caused many men to turn their attention to some mode by which justice might be obtained at a less costly price, and various proposals have been brought forward for the erection of new Courts, or the enlargement of the powers of those now existing for the recovery of debts under 40s. To all these schemes there have been many objections. The erection of new Courts is for the most part a matter of doubtful policy, calculated to produce much disarrangement and confusion; it breaks in upon the established forms of the constitution, and introduces innovations which it is extremely difficult to limit. But, sir, I think it will be seen, that without at all infringing upon the true and correct principles which guide the administration of justice in our ancient Common Law Courts—without depriving them of any useful appendage—without detracting from their weight and authority—much might be done towards rendering the practice of the law more simple, and therefore less expensive.

If the foregoing statements are, as I consider them, incontrovertible, then, sir, there are many of the forms now adhered to in the practice of our Courts, which are in themselves useless, forms suited to another state of society, and originally intended to effectuate purposes which have become obsolete. Why may not these forms be relinquished? Why should the law alone be condemned to appear ridiculous? It would be as reasonable to decorate a Judge, who ought to be the personification of wisdom and gravity, with the cap and bells of a fool.

There are amongst us some, whose extreme reverence for antiquity displays itself in various fantastic shapes; but no one, I think, will be found to advocate the retention of these useless, these spiritless forms. We regard with curiosity, and preserve with fondness, all monuments of ancient art; we venerate the wisdom of our ancestors, and delight to investigate their peculiar manners; but our curiosity is satisfied with mere enquiry, no one dreams of reviving their by-gone peculiarities, or ventures to adopt their comfortless barbarities, in preference to the refined customs of a more highly civilized state of society. Were a Don Quixote to sally forth into our streets cased in the panoply of an ancient knight, the world would denounce him as insane—his adherence to obsolete customs would be regarded as a proof of madness, and all our veneration for antiquity would not preserve him from ridicule and insult. A similar fate would attend every one, who, in any other manner, outraged the ordinary customs of society as at present constituted. Is it reasonable then that the law, which its panegyrists describe as the “per-



fection of reason," should be rendered ridiculous by the manner in which common sense must be outraged before we can obtain its benefits? The practice of the law is in many cases several centuries behind the condition of the subject, who, in claiming its protection, finds himself wasted into a region haunted by the shades of his ancestors, many of whom mislead his footsteps, and bar up the avenues to JUSTICE.

The absurdity of these forms is not their only fault; in many cases they are attended with consequences extremely pernicious. It not unfrequently happens, that a suitor finds his costs increased, and his cause impeded, if not altogether defeated, by the omission of some of the requisites which these ancient forms prescribe. Such will always be the case when the reason of a form has become obsolete. Whatever is grounded in some apparent and existing necessity, will seldom be departed from; but to adhere to an ancient form, the life of which is not only extinct, but even its former existence become a fact which antiquarian skill is necessary to discover, will always be difficult, and consequently often defective.

Another objection against these forms is, that they much increase the expense of proceedings, and on that account press very heavily upon those who seek to recover small debts. I have stated, that the expense of the proceedings set forth, is about 12*l*. If the course which I shall venture to suggest were adopted, *the expense would be reduced to less than one-half* that sum—certainly a very important reduction, and one, that if found to be successful, might open the way for still farther improvement. It will be remarked, that *I limit my present proposal to small debts*—say under 10*l*.

The suggestions I venture to make are the following:

1st. That the writ be altered by striking out all the obsolete parts, and turning it into a mere command to appear by attorney in the Court of King's Bench to answer the complaint of the plaintiff.

2nd. That the declaration be confined to the mere cause of action, and that it shall not contain irrelevant and unnecessary counts—this will in most cases have the effect of reducing it to about six folios, instead of eighteen.

3rd. The pretended bill, which is always charged for, ought not to be allowed in costs in those cases in which it is not filed.

4th. I consider the delivery of the issue entirely unnecessary; I have explained, in a former page, that it is merely a copy of pleadings which the defendant is already in possession of.

5th. I would suggest the abolition of the old writs of venire and distringas, and the substitution of *one* writ made out in accordance with the fact.

And 6th. That a plaintiff be not hindered or defeated in his suit by any inattention to form which does not mislead or prejudice the defendant.

In support of these suggestions, I would remark that they are simple---easy to be understood---and that their effects and operations may be clearly anticipated; that by their means not only will the



expense of suits for small debts be lessened, but that object will be attained without the erection of new-fangled Courts, which can never arrive at the dignity, nor be regarded with the same respect and confidence, as the ancient and well-known tribunals. A variety of other improvements might be proposed, but I abstain, lest by attempting too much, every thing should be lost. My object is not to root out our ancient forms, but to reduce them gradually within narrower bounds.

I anticipate objections to this scheme from the attornies, who will oppose whatever is calculated to lessen their profits; but all the other proposals upon this subject are liable to far greater objections---they take the power away from the attornies altogether, I would reduce their trouble and their fees; but in my calculations I have proceeded upon the principle of allowing the attorney a remuneration for his decreased trouble, founded upon the present rate of charge. I would not have the attorney paid for services he does not perform: for what he does perform, let him be paid after the present ratio. Decreased performance calls for decreased payment; and I much doubt whether the attornies would not in the end be gainers. Many more persons would sue for small debts if the expense of their recovery were not so great. The necessity of some alterations in the recovery of small debts seems pretty generally admitted: few can be milder---less calculated to do injury, or introduce less innovation, than this. Its very simplicity will, I make no doubt, be an objection to those who seem to imagine nothing can be good which does not overturn our ancient policy; but I hope some persons may be found of a different opinion; and, Sir, I should receive lasting gratification if I could think I had stated any thing which meets with your approval. I confess myself deficient in that chivalrous feeling which prompts men to attack established institutions, and new-model governments; but I would not willingly imagine myself an enemy to improvement, or think it less likely to ensue because it is not proposed to be brought about by magic or harlequinade.

Allow me, Sir, to express the high admiration I feel for the talent you have displayed in your various and masterly alterations of the law; and to conclude with a fervent hope that England may long---very long, have the assistance of one whom after ages will place amongst her greatest benefactors.

AMICUS LEGIS.

### EPIGRAM.

*In reply to one who asked if C. B. was a spendthrift.*

"A spendthrift! Sir, he *keeps*"---"Enough"---"Nay, hold!"  
 "I do not mean a mistress, but---his gold."---

T.

### "GOD SAVE THE KING."

MR. OLDBUCK,—In page 288 you have stated, that Henry Carey was the author of the song, or rather anthem, of "God save the King;" but a few facts will, I think, disprove his title\*. It was stated by his son, G. S. Carey, that his father brought it forward in 1745 or 1746; but it happens Henry Carey died in 1743: how is this? Mr. Clark has, by means of the Merchant Tailors' Records, traced the anthem back to the time of James I., and clearly proves it to have been written by Ben Jonson, that the music was composed by Dr. John Bull†, and that it was performed in the Hall of the Merchant Tailors' Company, on occasion of the King dining with them shortly after the discovery of the powder plot, to which circumstances the words are very applicable.

In Ward's Lives of the Professors of Gresham College, is a long account of MS. Music, composed by Dr. Bull, *and amongst which is* "God save the King." This was formerly in the library of Dr. Pepusch‡, part of which he bequeathed to the Academy of Ancient Music, and the remainder (in which were Dr. Bull's MSS.) was sold partly by auction, and partly by private contract.

"Although the library of Dr. Pepusch amounted to two cart loads, yet no part of it is now to be met with: hence it is not improbable, that they were converted into mere waste-paper, and thus too frequently end the studies and labours of many great men, and thereby is put an end to research."

The entertainment for his Majesty, it appears, was particularly splendid; the invitation having been given by the company, to assure him of their loyalty and attachment. "Non nobis Domine" was also composed for the occasion; together with several sonnets, &c. which are now all lost, having been destroyed, either by their author, Ben Jonson, after he embraced the Catholic Faith, or by the great fire of 1666, when part of the Hall was consumed. J. R. J.

March 23, 1827.

### A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILD.

And hast thou faded, gentle flower,  
Ere thy young hopes put forth their bloom,  
Born to delight one little hour,  
To bud---then wither in the tomb?

Life and its joys, unknown to thee,  
Thou hast escap'd---its sorrows too.  
Ah! they are felt alone by me,  
Since thou art parted from my view!

Living a moment, like the note  
Of some soft, melancholy lyre;  
Sweet on the breeze 'tis heard to float,  
To charm an instant, and expire! Y. Y.

\* See "An account of the National Anthem of 'God save the King,' by R. Clark."

† Is not this, in some measure, corroborated by the proverbial saying, that "it is a regular John Bull tune?" J. R. J.

‡ See Clark, p. 78, and Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, vol. v. p. 204.



## A VISIT TO THE ASSIZES.

THOSE who frequent the Courts of Justice, and are often present at the trial of causes, soon become familiar with the various scenes which are presented upon such occasions; but to me, who never attend the Assizes, except when summoned upon a Jury, which does not occur oftener than once in three years, the appearance of a crowded Court, and the many, very many sights of joy and misery which a common observer cannot but notice in an Assize town, are all matters of high interest. Within the last week I have been present at many such scenes. Having a small freehold in our county, I was selected as a Special Jurymen, and attended to try an important cause, but the trial having been postponed until the last, I was obliged to remain at ——— two days longer than I expected. Not having any other business there, I used to stroll from one Court to the other, sometimes listening to the civil cases, and sometimes to the criminal, and not unfrequently I took my stand upon the steps leading to the Hall door, and there watched the various groupes around me. Upon the morning of the second day, I was standing at my usual place upon these steps, when my attention was particularly attracted towards some country people who were collected upon the pavement below. There were five of them; three men and two women. Of the latter, one dressed decently in a long red cloak, was crying very bitterly, her face hid in her handkerchief, and leant upon the arm of an elderly man, who stood firmly upright, his ruddy sun-burnt countenance fixed in an expression made up of sorrow, anger, and contempt. His hat seemed slouched over his face as if to prevent any one from recognizing him, but it was not sufficiently large to conceal either his dark fiery eye, or the long white hairs that fell down the side of his face. Immediately opposite to them stood a man and woman seemingly of lower rank in life, and of a very different character; the woman, who was dirty in the extreme, although with some few patches of finery about her dress, lolled carelessly, throwing her eyes around her in a manner which seemed to prove how far she was removed from anything like the sorrows which the other woman so strongly manifested. The man stood with his arms crossed, his hat placed just upon the top of his head, and his ill-looking ruffian-like countenance indicating something very like defiance. The remaining member of the group stood between the men, and from his appearance I concluded him to be an attorney's clerk. When I had observed them a few minutes, the latter member of the party left them, and made his way towards the Hall, the others remaining as before. "Zounds!" exclaimed the rough-looking man, "this is nothing of a scrape! I have been in many a worse 'un, and always got clear off. Haven't I, Poll?"

Poll nodded her assent. "I don't know what you call a scrape then," said the old man; "is't no scrape to be made the gaze of all the town; to be printed in the calendar as a thief; to be brought



from prison to Hall, and sent from Hall to —— ? " he paused, the word seemed to choke him. " Great God ! that ever a son of mine should stand in the dock and hold up his hand as a felon ! Nay, nay, woman," turning to his wife, who seemed bursting with grief, " don't ye cry, now don't ye cry." Tears rolled down the poor man's cheek as he spake, and his wife, for such I judged the woman leaning on his arm, sobbed bitterly. " Oh ! there's no occasion for ye to take on so about 'un ; Poll and I'll swear as he was at home all night."

" What though you will ?" exclaimed the other man, raising himself, and speaking indignantly, " what though will ? Think ye your oaths will be taken, ye who have been at every tread-mill in England, and whose neck has twenty times been within a yard of the gallows-rope ? What good will your oaths do ?"

" I don't see why my oath 'ant as good as any other man's," he answered blusteringly, as if seemingly inclined to quarrel.

" I do !" answered the old man : " were I upon the Jury, I wouldn't believe one word you said. You swore to me the last time I saw you, that you knew nought of my lad, and at that very time Kate Cicely and him were in your house, and you knew it."

" Pooh," answered he, " I wan't going to give up my friend."

" Your friend !" echoed the old man, " how came he to be your friend ? You decoyed him from me—you and that harlot Kate, and now you have placed him where you should be, to stand the brunt for you. Your friend !"

Ere the other had time to reply, their former companion joined them, and whispering to them, they all walked towards the Court House. Jack Hasper, for that turned out to be the name of the ruffian-looking fellow, and the woman who was with him, walked on first ; the old man and his wife followed slowly ; I felt too great interest in what I had heard not to walk after them. The woman dried her eyes, and they proceeded towards the top of the steps. I perceived the old man become more and more feeble—step by step he moved slowly on—he reached the top—he approached the outer door of the Court—" I can go no further," he remarked, " I should die if I were to see him. Oh, God ! oh, God ! be merciful !" Poor man ! he clasped his hands before his face, and fell forwards upon the door in the most dreadful agony. Tears poured down his cheeks, and his whole frame seemed convulsed. His wife, for a moment, forgot her own sorrow, in her anxiety for her husband ; she led him gently towards the corner farthest from the door, through which the busy crowd were passing to and fro. He still held his hands before his face, and crept close to the wall, as if afraid that any one should recognize him. I had remained at some distance from them, but I felt that my observance was intrusive, and therefore walked on into the Court, whispering to the woman as I passed, that if she needed any assistance she would find me near the door.

At the bar was a young man of rather simple, ingenuous appearance, and a woman considerably older, pretty looking, but evidently artful and designing. They were arraigned upon a charge of theft

committed in a dwelling house, and having pleaded "Not Guilty," the trial commenced. They were indicted as man and wife, and it appeared from the evidence that they had lived together as such. The theft had been committed in the night, about 12 o'clock: the things stolen were some silver spoons, some linen, and several culinary utensils; an apron belonging to Kate Cicely was found in the house which was robbed, and by its means all the stolen articles were traced several days afterwards to the residence of Jack Hasper, with whom Charles Mangrove and Kate Cicely were living. Hasper was immediately taken into custody, but Kate Cicely, in order to release him, laid an accusation against Charles Mangrove, and made a confession purporting that she and Charles had committed the robbery, and brought the articles to Hasper's house. Charles vehemently denied this to be true, and protested his ignorance of the whole matter; but he and his wife, for such Kate Cicely was considered to be, were, notwithstanding his protestation, committed to prison to take their trial. When placed at the bar, Charles Mangrove presented a most pitiable appearance, pale and emaciated, the consequence of irregular living, long confinement, and regret for his follies. He held down his head as if fearing to look around, lest he should recognise some one to whom he was known. His companion, on the contrary, stood up, bold and unabashed, and paid great attention to the evidence detailed against her.

As the trial proceeded, the evidence became rather in Charles Mangrove's favor, and every now and then he gave a hurried look upwards, but quickly relapsed into his former situation. At a time when he gave one of these glances, I happened to be looking at him, and perceived a woman's face just appearing behind the dock; she seemed eagerly to catch every word that was uttered, and at the same time kept her eyes fixed upon him. It was his mother. As he looked round, their eyes met: she withdrew her face: he started, gazed a moment, and then with a heavy sigh, and a wildness of look I shall never forget, sunk down senseless in the dock. His mother heard him fall, and pushing forward, passed on before the jailor, who was about to assist him, and herself raised and supported him in her arms. She uttered a shriek at first, but all grief seemed to subside in her care of him. She pressed him to her bosom; some water was brought, she bathed his temples, and in a few moments he began to recover. The proceedings had of course been suspended at this moment; and no sooner did he begin to shew signs of returning life, than the Judge interfered, remarking, that even if there were any evidence to convict Charles Mangrove, the indictment was informal, and must fail, but that he was of opinion no evidence had been given at all implicating him, but rather tending to shew that Kate and the master of the house, Jack Hasper, had been guilty of the theft. That being the case, the Jury must acquit both the prisoners. "Not Guilty," was immediately pronounced. The mother seemed bewildered. She kept a firm hold of her son, who had scarcely revived; the dock was unlocked; she looked first at Charles then at the jailor, the latter



of whom told her she might go; but she seemed scarcely to understand what he said. At length Kate Cicely approached them familiarly, and was about to take the arm of her paramour. This roused the mother. "Hold off, woman!" she exclaimed, pushing her forcibly back. "Hold off! you have *had* your will of him." Then rushing forward, still holding her son strongly by the arm, they passed to the door, the crowd making way for them. The father had approached close to the door, and listened anxiously to the tumult within: he heard the noise of footsteps—quick and hurried, they came nearer—they passed out at the door—they met—

We can go no farther: it is impossible to describe the meeting. The old man wept like a child—he hung upon his son's neck for a moment, and then they hurried to a neighbouring Inn, in a back room of which they remained until sunset, when all three returned home.

X.

### THE CHRISTIAN'S PEACE.

THERE is a peace of mind  
All earthly peace excelling—  
To piety confin'd,  
And in the pure heart dwelling.

'Tis not the peace---the gloom,  
By wild enthusiasts cherish'd;  
It shall survive the tomb  
When other peace hath perish'd.

The Sceptic's dismal creed---  
Can it such peace bestow?  
Could we his conscience read,  
The answer would be---"No."

Together we embark,  
Upon the wide world's tide;---  
But Sceptics wander in the dark,  
The Christian hath a guide.

They seek an unknown shore,  
In fear and doubt they roam;  
The Christian knows, his voyage o'er,  
He enters to his home.

The Christin's lot is peace---  
In peace he lives---he dies;  
And where all troubles cease,  
In peace he hopes to rise.

B.



## THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

No. V.

JOHN LYDGATE.—About the same time as Chaucer, flourished Lydgate, a monk of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, in the reign of Henry VI. He was educated partly at Oxford, and then travelled into foreign countries to acquire the learning of the times. He was the disciple and friend of Chaucer, and was regarded as a prodigy of learning at the period in which he lived. He was considered as a great poet and rhetorician, geometrician, astrologer, and theologian. He opened a school in his monastery for teaching the sons of the nobility the arts of versification and composition. He was an imitator of his master, Chaucer, but is reckoned among those who contributed to the improvement of the English language. We have selected a few stanzas from the prologue to the third book of the "*Fall of Princes*," which will show, upon being compared with the selections from Chaucer, that the language was not then written by caprice, but was in a settled state.

" Like a pilgrime that goeth on foote,  
And hath non horse, to releue his trauale,  
Whote, dry, and wery, and may find no bote,  
Of wel cold whan thrust doth hym assayle,  
Wine nor licour, that may to hym auayle,  
Right so fare I, which in my businesse  
No succour fynde, my rudeness to redresse.

I mean as thus, I have no fresh licour  
Out of the conduites of Calliope,  
Nor through Clio in rhetorike no floure,  
In my labour for to refresh me:  
Nor of the susters in noumer thrice three,  
Which with Cithera, or Parnaso dwell,  
They never gave me drink once of their wel.

Nor of theyr springes clere and christaline,  
That sprang by touchyng of the Pegase,  
Their fauour lacketh my making ten lumine,  
I fynde theyr baume of so great scarcite;  
To tame their tunnes with some drop of plentie,  
For Poliphemus throw his great blindness  
Hath in me darked of Argus the brightness.

Our life here, short of wit, the great dulnes,  
The heauy soule troubled with trauayle,  
And of memorye the glasyng brotelnes,  
Drede and uncunning, haue made a strong bataile  
With werines, my spirite to assayle,  
And with their subtil creping in most queint,  
Hath made my spirit in makying for to feint.

And evermore the fereful forwardness  
Of my stepmother, called Obluion,  
Hath a bastyll of forgetfulnes,  
To stop the passage, and shadow my reason,  
That I might haue no clere direccion,  
In translating of new to quicke me,  
Stories to write of old antiquite.

Thus was I set, and stood in double werre,  
 At the metyng of fearful wayes tweyne;  
 The one was this, who euer liste to lere,  
 Whereas gode wylle gan me constrayne,  
 Bochas t' accomplish for to do my payne,  
 Came ignoraunce, with a menace of drede,  
 My penne to reste, I durst not procede."

In the fifteenth century, the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster were destructive of literature. The language, instead of improving, was more neglected than before:—Chaucer had begun to polish it with new and elegant constructions, but it was now seen to relapse into its former rudeness, and no poet or historian of note was born during this tempestuous period. We meet with frequent complaints to parliament that learning was very little esteemed. All the most valuable livings in the church were bestowed on foreigners or illiterate men; while the best scholars in the kingdom were left languishing in indigence and obscurity, nay, were sometimes driven to the necessity of begging their bread from door to door, recommended to charity by the Chancellor of the University in which they had studied.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the study of the Scriptures was far from being general, and the most profound ignorance reigned amongst the major part, even of the clergy. Few of them comparatively were acquainted with the latin, though constantly used in the offices of the church, while feasting and debauchery are declared to have been their ordinary occupations\*.

During this period, however, the excellent art of printing, which hath contributed so much to dispel that darkness in which the world was involved, and to diffuse the light of every species of knowledge, was invented on the continent, and introduced into this island†.

\* "In 1448, Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, on the presentation of Merton Priory, in Surrey, instituted a Rector to the parish of Sherfield, in Hampshire. The Rector, however, previously took an oath before the Bishop, that on account of his insufficiency in letters, and default of knowledge in the superintendence of souls, he would learn latin for the two following years; and that at the end of the first year, he would submit himself to be examined by the Bishop, concerning his progress in grammar; and that, if, on a second examination, he should be found deficient, he would resign his benefice.—*Percy Anecdotes of Literature*, p. 14.

† Laurentius Coster, keeper of the Cathedral, at Haerlem, conceived the first idea of typography, and printed several small books in that city, with wooden types tied together with threads. As this art was likely to become very profitable, Laurentius kept the secret with great care, and wished to transmit it to his family. But this design did not succeed. For about the time of his death, one of his workmen made his escape from Haerlem, carrying with him some of his master's types, and retired to Mentz, where he began to print with wooden types, being encouraged and supplied with money by John Faust, a wealthy citizen. His assistant, John Gutenberg, afterwards invented metal types, and set them in frames; which was so great an improvement, that the city of Mentz claimed the honor of being the place where printing was invented. The art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who invented the mode of casting the types in matrices. Frederick Corsellis began to print in Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but William Caxton, a merchant, of London, claims the honor of being the first who introduced into England the art of printing with fusile types, in 1474.

The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus, was derived from the odd circumstance in which the bibles of their first printer, Faust, appeared in the world. When he had



"The invention of paper in the eleventh, and the introduction of printing in the fifteenth century, were as cheering to the lovers of humanity, as the sea birds and sea weeds, signs of approaching land, are to the wearied and despairing navigator who is tracking an unknown and pathless ocean. The fertile and luxuriant crop of modern literature then appeared above the earth—the richness of the soil which had lain fallow for so long a time, during which it had only borne the rank weeds of scholastic subtlety, mingled indeed with the wild but romantic flowers of chivalrous feudality, as well as the greenness and freshness of the productions themselves, all encouraging animating hopes of an abundant harvest\*."

When the art of printing was first discovered, the printers only made use of one side of a page; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them printed. Upon the first establishment of the art of printing, it was the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to the eminent printers; physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names, those of the correctors of the press, and editions were valued according to the abilities of the corrector:—

——— "To let their fame  
Live registered in our printed books."

SHAKSPEARE.

The first book printed in the English tongue, was the *Recuyell of the History of Troy*, and is dated September 19, 1471, at Cologne; but the *Game of Chess* is allowed by all the typographical antiquaries to have been the first specimen of the art.

The early printers used to affix at the end of the volumes which they printed, some device or couplet, concerning the work, with the addition of the name of the printer. In the edition of the "Pragmatic Sanction," printed by Andrew Bocard, at Paris, in 1507, the following handsome couplet is inserted:—

"Stet liber hic donec fluctus formica marinos  
Ebibat; et totum testudo perambulet orbem."

discovered this new art, and had printed off a considerable number of copies of the bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript, he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed copies as manuscripts. But as he was enabled to sell his bibles at sixty crowns, while the scribes demanded five hundred, this created universal astonishment; and still more when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price: this made a great sensation at Paris. The uniformity of copies increased the wonder. Information was given to the magistrates against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found, were seized. The red ink which embellished his copies, was said to be his blood; and it was, therefore, adjudged that he was in league with the Devil; and Faust was, at length, obliged (to save himself from a bonfire) to discover his art to the parliament of Paris.—Vide "*Flowers of Literature*," vol. I.

\* Introduction to the Retrospective Review.

Which may be thus translated :—

" May this volume continue in motion,  
And its pages each day be unfurl'd ;  
'Till an ant has drank up the ocean,  
Or a tortoise has crawl'd round the world\*."

The morning of that auspicious day which succeeded the long night of ignorance, in which almost all Europe had been involved from the fall of the western empire, had dawned in Italy, and some other parts of the Continent, before it reached Britain. While learning was reviving in some other countries, it was languishing and declining in this island, and the period that immediately preceded the present was here one of the darkest and most illiterate. In every former period some extraordinary men arose, such as the venerable Bede, Alfred the Great, Roger Bacon, and Doctor Wickliffe, who by the force of their genius and application dissipated in some degree the gloom with which they were surrounded, and rendered their names immortal. But, in the fifteenth century, there were none deserving of reputation by their writings.

The succeeding period, however, presents us with a more agreeable prospect. A better taste and greater esteem for literature were introduced. The countenance given to letters by Henry VIII. and his ministers, contributed to render learning fashionable in England.

No province of literature was cultivated with so much care or success by the revivors of learning in this period, as philology, or the accurate knowledge of languages; particularly of the Latin and Greek classics. The neglect into which the works of the philosophers, poets, and historians of Greece and Rome had fallen, was one great cause of the decline of learning, and of the bad taste and barbarism, of the middle ages. The patrons of learning, therefore, acted wisely, in beginning its revival by removing one of the great causes of its decline. By acquiring a correct and critical knowledge of the language, style, and manner of the ancients, they obtained two great advantages. They had access to all the stores of wisdom and

\* Percy Anecdotes of Literature, p. 13.

We trust the following account of the prices at which some of the earliest specimens of printed works were recently disposed of, at the sale of the library of George Watson Taylor, Esq. may not prove unacceptable to the generality of our readers:

" The book which is sayd or called Cathon, translated by William Caxton, in the Abbey of Westmynster, fine copy, Caxton, 1483, 30l. 19s. 6d."

" Chaucer's Troylus and Creside, fine copy, in Russia, from the Towneley Library, wants one leaf, signature p. 1, explicit per Caxton, (without date) 66l."

" Lyfe of Saint Edwarde Confessour and Kynge of Englande, excessively rare, splendidly bound in morocco, imprinted by Wynkin de Worde, 1533, 18l. 10s."

" The Hoole Lyf of Jason, with the Conquest of the Flese of Gold, whereof is founded an ordre of Knights, (translated by Caxton,) excessively rare, an extraordinary fine copy, in the original binding, uncut, emprinted by Caxton, 95l. 11s."

" Kynge Richard Cuer du Lyon, an English Metrical Romance, with wood cuts, imprinted by Wynkin de Worde, 1528, 41l."

" Here begynneth the book which the Knyght of the Toure made to the enseygnement and techying of his doughters; translated into our Maternall Englishe Tongue by me, William Caxton, emprynted at Westmynstre, by me, William Caxton, the fyrst yere of Kynge Richarde the Thyrde, 1483, 52l. 10s."



eloquence which their writings contained, and to all the pleasure which their perusal could afford: and by imitating such beautiful models, they acquired the art of communicating their own thoughts to the world in a perspicuous, elegant, and pleasing manner. In this art, some of the revivors of learning, both in Britain and on the Continent, succeeded to admiration, and wrote in Latin with a classical purity, not unbecoming the Augustan age. The success and example of those eminent men, brought the study of the Latin language into fashion. To speak and to write pure and classical Latin, was considered as a valuable, and even polite, accomplishment, to which persons of high rank, and both sexes, aspired.

In order to assist youth in the acquisition of this accomplishment, the greatest scholars of the age, as Erasmus\*, Linacret†, and many others, did not disdain to spend their time in writing rudiments, grammars, vocabularies, colloquies, and other books. The haughty monarch, Henry VIII., and his no less haughty minister, Cardinal Wolsey, stooped to employ their pens in writing instructions to youth, in the study of this favorite language. The king wrote an introduction to grammar; and the Cardinal composed a system of instruction to be observed by the masters of the school he founded at Ipswich, his native town. The Cardinal had been a schoolmaster, and was well qualified for giving these instructions. Erasmus bestows high encomiums on the Cardinal, as a patron of letters and of learned men. "This extraordinary man," says he, "had a genius and taste for learning, in which he had made great proficiency in his youth, and for which he retained a regard in his highest elevation. Politer learning, as yet struggling with the patrons of the ancient ignorance, he upheld by his authority, adorned by his splendor, and cherished by his kindness. He invited all the most learned professors by his noble salaries. In furnishing libraries with all kinds of authors of good learning, he contended with Ptolemy Philadelphus himself, who was more famous for this, than for his kingdom. He recalled the three languages, without which all learning is lame." T. H. K.

\* Though Erasmus was not a native of Britain, he resided several years in England at different times, and by his teaching, conversation, and writings, contributed as much, if not more, than any other man to inspire a taste for the study of the Roman and Greek classics, which was the first stage in the restoration of learning. He was born at Rotterdam, in 1467; and having received a liberal education, made very great progress in his studies. His masters predicted that he would sometime prove the envy and wonder of all Germany. After taking priest's orders, he came over to England, where he met with the greatest encouragement from Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Moore, and all the learned Englishmen of those days. He was one of the most correct and elegant Latin writers among the moderns. The New Testament was first printed in Greek, at Basil, under his inspection, in the year 1515. He died in 1536, and was buried in the Cathedral of Basil. His works were printed at Leyden, in 1706, in ten volumes folio, under the direction of John Le Clerc.

† Dr. Thomas Linacre, born in 1460, was physician to both the Henrys, and the most elegant scholar of his age. When he was advanced in life, he applied to the study of theology, was ordained a priest, and obtained several preferments in the church. He died in 1524. His virtues were, at least, equal to his abilities. In a word, he was a benefactor to mankind, an honor to literature, and an ornament to human nature.

## A HINT TO THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

ONE of the striking characteristics of the present age is the general diffusion of knowledge. There are, indeed, many who imagine, that to improve the education of the lower orders can answer no good end; that it tends only to make them dissatisfied with their condition; and that while it puts into their hands the power of doing mischief, it renders them totally unfit for being useful in the station which Providence has assigned them. But it is contended, on the other hand, that, besides the increase of moral strength which the nation cannot fail to derive from the progress of intellectual improvement, it may also be fairly expected that men will be more likely to succeed in their respective callings, and to improve the existing state of trade and manufactures, if to their practical experience they join theoretical knowledge; than if, as is too much the case at the present moment, they go through their work merely by rule, scarcely less ignorant of the principles on which they act, than a horse which turns a mill. Let but a man of discernment examine into the state of almost any one of our great manufactories, and he will in general find the human beings with whom it is crowded, degraded to a condition but little superior to the machinery at which they work. If, however, the understandings of these men were cultivated, it may safely be predicted, that in the course of a few years we should, on comparing their improved state with that to which they are at present doomed, find as marked a difference, as there is between a being endowed with reason, and the parrot that repeats by rote the words which it has learned. Agreeing, as I do, with those who maintain that the acquisition of science must tend to the improvement of art, I cannot help thinking that the establishments which have been formed for placing useful instruction within the reach of all classes of society, however they may be in their general tenor entitled to high approbation, are nevertheless in one point greatly deficient; the information to be derived from them is too general and vague. The mathematical knowledge of a builder must be useless to a baker; and the dyer's acquaintance with chemistry as unimportant to a carpenter, as the study of law to a physician, or of physic to a lawyer. The plan, therefore, that I would venture to propose, as the one by which this evil might be most effectually remedied, is to chalk out a particular line of instruction for the members of each individual trade or business. Not that I would have the energies of the people confined within the narrow limits of their several occupations, but that besides storing their minds with a competent fund of general information, their particular studies should be so directed, as to lead them towards eminence in their respective paths of life. It might, on the first view, be apprehended that, by being diverted into such a multitude of paltry rills, the grand stream of knowledge would be totally lost; but it should be considered, that it is only by dispersing it through a vast number of small channels, that its waters can flow to the root of



every plant. A superficial observer might also object that many occupations consist entirely of a mere knack, that can be acquired only by practice; that they depend simply on the wit of the fingers, and, consequently, require no other education than what may be picked up in the course of an apprenticeship; but a farther examination of the case will show that there is no employment, however simple it may appear, that does not, in a greater or less degree, call for the exertion of talent, and the application of knowledge. But I will illustrate my meaning by an anecdote. I was coming up from Brighton the other day by the Union, and on entering into conversation with one of my fellow travellers, a dapper bandy-legged little man, with rather delicate features and an insinuating smile, I soon discovered him to be a tailor; one of those who advertise in the newspapers, "Clothes cut on scientific principles." The mean opinion which I had entertained of those on whom vulgar prejudice has fixed the contemptuous appellation of "ninth part of a man," gradually wore away, as he enlarged on the dignity of his *profession*, and descanted upon the education which a young man ought to receive before he presumes to enter upon it. He explained to me, that the making of a coat, no less than the building of a ship, requires great mathematical knowledge. "The proportions of the lapelles in front," he said, "depend upon trigonometrical principles; and the curvature of the seams behind can be regulated by those only who have studied the conic sections. But what makes the business far more complicated, is, that we must so cut our coats, as that they shall adjust themselves to the various motions of the body; this is one of the perfections of our art, and can be acquired only by a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and of the structure of the human frame. All this, sir," he continued emphatically, "cannot be learned without genius, diligence, and application. But, sir, this is not all; no man can be a complete tailor, or ever take upon himself to give a turn to the dress of the day, until he has studied with attention the source of the beautiful, and the general principles of grace, and has moreover made himself critically acquainted with all the fashions that have ever been in vogue in our own country, as well as with those which flourish at the present day among the most civilized nations of the world." He then pointed out the almost insurmountable difficulties which a young tailor has to encounter in the prosecution of his studies. He observed, that there was no plan laid down for him, no treatises written with reference to the object he has in view, but that he was forced, with no other guide than his own judgment, to wade through an infinity of ponderous and often expensive volumes, and then to clip and collect, and stitch together, as well as he could, the fragments which appear to serve his purpose.—"The way to legal knowledge," he added, "was Macadamized by Blackstone; in other pursuits there is at least a beaten track, which, however rugged and circuitous, leads to the end proposed; but we, sir, we," he exclaimed, with vehemence, "we are doomed to find our way as we can through a rough and pathless

country, without so much as a finger-post to direct us. This ought to be remedied : and my *idear* is," he added, in a dogmatical tone, " my *idear* is this ;—that the science of fashion can never be put upon a proper footing in this country, until an extensive branch of the new London University is dedicated to the education of tailors."

Now, although doubts may perhaps be entertained as to the feasibility of the specific plan proposed by my intelligent fellow-traveller, yet it must be acknowledged by every well-wisher to the *march* of intellect, that the existing state of society calls for the establishment of some system calculated to remedy the evils complained of, and to facilitate the progress of youthful tailors in the acquisition of the knowledge necessary to the exercise of their science.

It would be tedious to examine at present how far every other line of business requires its peculiar scheme of education ; but I hope at some future time to submit a few observations on the state of one or two species of employment, which appear the most simple and the most independent of science.

MELETES.

#### TO ADA ON HER BIRTHDAY.

My own beloved one ! with exceeding joy  
I hail this day,—a day to mem'ry dear,  
When thy bright eyes first beam'd upon this world,  
The smile of infancy ;—and as they rov'd,  
Imparted joys a mother's tongue can tell,  
And her's alone :—for all her anguish past  
Thou wert the balm,—the living, long'd-for balm ;  
Then Nature pour'd her verdure on thy view,  
Her sunshine on thy soul :—Childhood has pass'd,  
And now at length thou hast a bliss in Hope,  
A cherish'd glow, as of predestin'd joy,  
And I beholding thee—all loveliness !  
Live in thy love, as thou art link'd with mine.  
O ! thou shalt watch the sunset's ruddy light,  
And gaze upon the gently gliding moon ;  
Thus, thus to thee, shall absence oft become  
The season of thy bosom's constancy,—  
And virtue, living in thy sinless heart,  
Shall bear within its sacred bonds a spell  
To soothe each grief, and ev'ry bliss refine,—  
A nameless, and inseparable charm  
Of lovely joy.—

Belov'd, indeed, art thou !

By me, as ONE whose ev'ry latent wish,  
Whose ev'ry thought, I fain would realize ;  
And in whose smile, the turmoils of this world  
Are quite forgotten ; while thy dotting heart  
(That precious pledge) is held, oh ! doubly dear :  
Thus do our natures intimately blend ;  
Thus, in each other's breasts, we deeply feel  
One ruling impulse ; nay, it seems I own  
My very BEING in that unity !  
Oh ! thou art dear to me as rosy morn,



And sorrow, like the night's unwholesome shade,  
 Gives way before the golden dawn thou bring'st.  
 I hold thee, as the glory of my life ;  
 Without thee, this gay world is worthless dross.  
 Oh ! I can neither hide love,---where it is,  
 Nor shew it where 'tis not,---so deep that Love.---  
 In parting last, thy fond resigning smile  
 Broke forth, like lightning in a winter's night,  
 To yield a moment's day,---e'er all was lost ;  
 And, when I would have spoken,---" Fare thee well"---  
 " Farewell,"---still linger'd as it would not come ;  
 It seem'd the sad Adieu, 'twixt soul and body,  
 Or worse, alas ! for then my joy, and hope,  
 All that was left in life, fled after thee.  
 Oh ! those who never felt the parting hour,  
 Have yet to learn the agony of death ;  
 Grief, was but *guess'd at*,---(thy fond image near)  
 This absence, dearest Ada, made it *known* ;  
 How many deaths lurk'd in that word,---farewell !  
 It is thy natal day ; and if a thought  
 Dearer than Love,---Love ever could excite,  
 I'd give it birth, to greet this welcom'd hour,  
 To bless thee,---more than bless thee---dearest maid ;  
 And pray thy life may pass as calmly by,  
 As the soft ripple on the summer stream.  
 If thou dost love, (and why should this soul doubt)  
 In absence give my faithful heart a thought,  
 Indulging hope, and realizing dreams,  
 Oft dwelt upon, when waking moments spoke  
 Their pleasing fiction.---

Fare thee well awhile !

And pondering on this fond remembrance,  
 Think, that my pure---my holy love, is giv'n  
 To soothe thy cares, and smooth thy path to heav'n !

March 11, 1827.

C.

### A FIRST ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA.

AFTER a pleasant and rather speedy passage of four months from the Downs in the H. C. S. *Timandra*, we came to an anchor off Sangora. I will pass over my *delightful* passage from thence in an open *paunchway*, a sort of floating conveyance about a hundred and fifty times inferior to the vilest Peter boat on the Thames, and transport myself at once to Champaul Ghaut, another edition of the Tower Stairs, inasmuch as from this spot are debarked into the City of Palaces a thousand castes and classes of adventurers, of all climes, nations, and language. My powers of description cannot convey the faintest idea of the imposing and animated spectacle that here burst on my view. Far as the eye could reach, numberless vessels crowded the bosom of the river, and closer in shore, myriads, aye, myriads ! of smaller craft, sloops, *doneas*, *beaulieus*, *burras*, *budgerows*, and Bengalee wherries, called *dingees*, seemed packed so closely, as utterly to defy any attempt to thread their mazy phalanx. To the right, till lost in the distance, arose the stately buildings of the city ; and at the

numerous ghauts, thousands of natives, immersed to their middles in the water, were performing the ablutions prescribed I believe by their religion.

Amid a Babel of tongues, I reached the shore, carefully carried over the wet gravel (for it was half ebb) to the dry ground ;---perhaps in any other part of the globe this might have been an embarrassing situation, ignorant as I was of the language and manners of the people ; but here I had scarcely touched the ground, before a naked fellow, with a huge *chatta* grasped in both hands, hastened to shield *Saheb's* precious visage from the burning sun ; and an imposing looking olive-colored personage, enveloped in folds of muslin of the purest white, with a profound *salaam* welcomed me to the shores of Hindostan. This was my father's Sircar, who having learnt my arrival, attended to greet me. *Chunder-Loll* (that was his name) seemed to have very kindly concerned himself for my comfort, and had provided a palanquin, which was in waiting, for my use.

Having stretched myself in this luxurious conveyance, and the sircar having made his final *salaam*, the bearers set off at a smart pace, the one with the *chatta* keeping close alongside.

After passing superb streets, and threading dirty gullies and dirtier Bazars, my wonder one moment excited at the grandeur, and the next at the apparent wretchedness, around me (for Calcutta is in every thing in extremes), we reached the Circular Road. I was set down under the spacious piazza, or verandah, that extended along the whole front of a large and imposing looking building ; and here another well-dressed native greeted me with a respectful *salaam*, and with folded arms seemed to await my commands.

"And who the deuce are you?" said I.

"Masta's Kitmanguar e sircar hire me, *Saheb*."

I suppose the man saw I was a little at a nonplus, for he said, "I show *Saheb* his room?" and he led the way into a large sleeping apartment, where, to my astonishment, I beheld the packages I had brought with me from the ship, and which I thought were still in the sircar's care at *Champaul Ghaut*.

"And how did these come here?" I enquired.

"I make," he replied, with a chuckle of self-satisfaction at his diligence, "I make e coolie bring up from *Champaul Ghaut* very soon."

"You! I didn't see you there."

"*Saheb* not want me till he come to house ; but he want clean clothes," replied my new-made servant. "But you change your clothes?" half requested, half enquired, he.

"Kind again," thought I ; and as I felt uneasy in the clothes I had worn all night on the river, I began to shift myself, which, with the assistance of my new acquaintance, I completed, in time to attend a summons to Tiffin.

The party consisted of four besides myself---the captain of the ship in which I had arrived, one of my fellow passengers, and two gentlemen, strangers. Each of the guests was attended by a watchful kitmanguar, a sort of butler ; a *kaunsumar* also waited ; and a fellow on his *beam ends* in the verandah, by means of a long rope, kept in



motion a huge sort of fan, a *punka*, suspended from the ceiling, thereby producing a refreshing breeze in the room.

The table was spread with fruits, cold meat, currie and rice, cheese, Maderia, *Loll Shraub*, and last, though not least, Hodgson's pale ale.

"This is your first visit to Calcutta, I believe?" enquired one of the gentlemen present.

I bowed an affirmative.

"Perhaps you will accompany your father to my house to dinner to-morrow?"

I accepted the invitation, and my new friend continued, "Doubtless, you will like to see all you can during your stay in Calcutta?"

I bowed, and he went on—"Then, above all things, you must not forget the Course; the Course, like the Park at home, is the resort of all the beauty, fashion, and gaiety of the East."

"Perhaps," said I, "you will honor me with your arm, though I suppose it is not high change till the cool of the evening?"

He laughed outright, "Do you think, my good fellow, that any one walks in India?"

I stared enquiringly, and he went on, "Do you think that we in the gorgeous East are as plodding in our notions, as the uninitiated denizens of the West? why the dapper clerk, escaped from the dust and noise of the Custom House here, sports his trim buggy or his bit of blood!—but in pity to your ignorance, I will give you a seat in my conveyance, and you shall see with your eyes, and wonder in the simplicity of your heart, how we manage these matters in India."

I thanked the good-humored Mr. Richardson, and amid such agreeable and desultory *confab*, we finished our *Chillum*.

True to his promise at six the same evening, he called for me; and his equipage, a phaeton and pair, was such, that the most dashing Corinthian who ever figured in Hyde Park, would, I am satisfied, have felt proud in sporting its fellow: and who was its proprietor? A civilian perhaps, or an extensive merchant at least—neither. He was merely an auctioneer, and daily might be seen in the *Loll Bazar*, surrounded by a crowd of noisy native bidders, knocking down miscellaneous lots of stationery, hosiery, mercery, and other damaged or rejected refuse of some unfortunate wight's private trade.

To the course we drove, and, as he had forewarned me, I did wonder at the splendor and apparent wealth around me.

Crowds of dashing vehicles of every form and description, barouches, tandems, landaus, buggies, and spirited saddle horses, glanced along the course in dazzling variety; the pallid beauties that graced the carriages, blazing in all the adornments of full dress; the delightful mildness of an Indian evening, precluding the necessity of those disguises to female beauty, shawls, wrappers, and bonnets, in which our countrywomen, at home, are obliged to envelope themselves when in the open air, even in the finest weather.

"And what do you think of our Park?" enquired my companion.

"I am delighted! bewildered!"

"Pretty fair for such a distant hole as Calcutta, hey—"

"Pretty fair! why I never saw such a display in Hyde Park on its proudest day."

"And the ladies?"

"Charming!"

"Hold," cried Richardson, "you must not compare these languid chaulky faced dolls, to our delightful countrywomen in their own native air, all life, grace, and animation. I don't know how it is," added he peevishly, "but the women seem to degenerate immediately they touch Asiatic ground. The elasticity of limb, the playful, yet modest, gaiety, the domestic usefulness, that so well become them at home, all vanish, and here they dwindle into mere ornamental automats."

"You are too severe—too ungallant."

"I assure you, no—look there," he added, "as a young and not unhandsome female, costily attired, and leaning back in her open carriage, just motioned her head, as our vehicle passed her's, 'look there, did the eye, did the heart appear to have aught to do in that chilling bow? Why, there is absolutely more cordiality in the bend of a Chinese Mandarin in a grocer's window.'"

I smiled at the curious simile, and he proceeded—"And yet that woman, not a twelvemonth since, landed in Bengal, a good-natured lively English girl."

"And now," said I, "her smiles have become frowns, her liveliness hauteur; is it not so? But indulge me, by informing me who the lady is; nature has blessed her with a handsome face, and that you know is an excuse for a thousand little female whims."

"True! true!" cried Richardson animatedly, "and perfectly apropos. Oh! that face! that face!"

"And what of that face?"

"Would you think," he replied, "that woman, surrounded as she is with all that wealth can bestow, nine months ago scarcely possessed of her own wherewithal to provide a dish of currie to allay her hunger?"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

"That woman, *lady* I mean," he continued, with a sneering drawl, "that lady was originally an actress—an actress at one of your Minor London Theatres. Chance, or luck, or what you will, threw her in Captain E.'s way; you know the captain, perhaps, a *very very* fatherly man."

"I have seen the gentleman!"

"Good; but to cut the matter short, Captain E. gave her a passage; that is he--he--he brought her out on speculation."

"On speculation, Mr. Richardson!"

"On speculation," repeated Richardson, "is that so wonderful? Handsome, lively, and rather ornamentally educated, she naturally attracted much attention in a place where women, and especially handsome women, are so scarce. Old and young courted her smiles, but the fair Fanny having no idea of love and a cottage---and youth and a lac of rupees not being often found together in India—"

"In one sense of the word, I believe they are as common here as elsewhere," said I.



"Good!" he rejoined laughingly, "but you interrupt me with your vile pun. Mr. T. had just lost his ancient rib. True, he was ugly, but so rich—ill-tempered, but then his rank—fifty years of age, but then he was at the head of a flourishing and improving house: let me, to describe his achievements, borrow the words of another great conqueror (for Mr. T. is six feet two), 'he came, he saw, he conquered.'"

"It was no longer courtship?"

"Courtship! Ha! ha! introduced this week, proposed the next, and married the third: her *dear* friend---her *more* than father, the respectable captain, shed tears of joy---*paternal* tears, at his dear Fanny's happy settlement, pocketed his 2000 rupees, and laughed at the liquorish old bridegroom, as an arrant fool."

"How do you mean, pocketed his 2000 rupees?"

"Richardson turned full round to gaze at me. "Is it possible that you do not understand me?"

"I must confess my ignorance," said I.

"Then thus it was," he answered: "her passage---Oh how much is comprehended in that one single word!---her passage must be paid for, ere she could be *happily* settled. She left England penniless, and during the progress of her tedious courtship, the fair Fanny, her lovely eyes bedewed in tears, and her sweet form trembling with modest agitation, in broken accents regrets her unfortunate lot, mutters something of her deep sense of Captain E.'s kindness, &c. The lover entreats, supplicates her to confide in him; the only reply is a shower of tears. On the wings of love and alarm, he flies to the captain; the whole comes out; the love-smitten swain cannot but apply a balm to his dear one's sorrows, loves her the more for her charming ingenuousness, pays her debts, and marries her."

"And can happiness be the portion of either party?" I observed thoughtfully.

"Happiness!" said he sharply: "with age and dotage on one side, contempt and youth on the other, can there be a doubt on the subject?"

B. I.

### SERENADE.

Wake, Ada wake, the moon shines bright,  
Sweet are thy vows to a listening ear,  
While softly sings the bird of night,  
In the silvery beams of yon starry sphere.

Turn, Ada turn, from dreams of bliss,  
To the welcome sounds of a Lover's prayer,  
Faithful vows, and the fervent kiss,  
To thee shall be borne on the stilly air.

Smile, Ada smile, nor chide my stay,  
For hush'd is the echo, which long'd to tell,  
Of maiden fears which blush'd to play  
On lips, where Affection now sighs to dwell.

Wake, Ada wake, ere morning peeps;  
Far brighter than day, beam thy sloe-black eyes;  
The ling'ring moon her vigil keeps,  
Till thy sunny smile shall illumine her skies.

C.

## COLLECTANEA.

No. V.

"Much will I comprise in a few words."

EURIPIDES.

63. **WILD PIGEONS.** The accounts of the enormous flocks in which the passenger, or wild pigeons, fly about in North America, seem to an European like the tales of Baron Munchausen; but the travellers are "all in a story." Mr. Howison, in his *Sketches of Upper Canada*, says you may kill twenty or thirty at one shot out of the masses which darken the air. In the United States, according to Wilson the Ornithologist, they sometimes desolate and lay waste a track of country forty or fifty miles long, and five or six broad, by making it their breeding-place; while in the state of Ohio, Mr. Wilson saw a flock of these birds which extended, he judged, more than a mile in breadth, and continued to pass over his head, at the rate of one mile in a minute, during four hours—thus making its whole length about two hundred and forty miles. According to his moderate estimate, this flock contained 2,230 millions, 272 thousand pigeons!

64. **COMPARISON NOT ODIUS.** At the house of Madame la Duchesse de Maine, the company were one day amusing themselves by comparing and finding ingenious distinctions between one object and another. "What difference," said the Duchess to the Cardinal de Polignac, "is there between me and a watch?" "Madame," replied the Cardinal, "*a watch marks the hours, and you make us forget them.*"

65. **PANTOMIMES.** The first pantomime in England was produced at Drury Lane in 1702, in an entertainment called the *Tavern Bilkers*. It lingered only five nights. Its author was one Weaver, a dancing-master at Shrewsbury.

66. **ON TICK.** To go on trust. The term is supposed to be a diminutive of ticket. Decker, in his *Gull's Horn-book*, speaking of gallants who go to the theatre by water, says, "No matter upon landing whether you have money or no: you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon ticket."

67. **SPORTING.** Dutens (*Memoirs*, v. ii. p. 239,) describes a hunting party, consisting of twenty-three persons, three of whom were ladies, who in the course of eighteen days killed 47,950 head of game and wild deer! This took place at Bohemia in 1755.

68. **RECEIPT FOR MAKING CHEAP INK.** "Galls four ounces, copperas two ounces, gum-arabic one ounce: beat the galls grossly, and put them into a quart of claret." Evelyn's *Sylva*.

69. **EXTRAORDINARY SIZE OF CUCUMBERS IN RUSSIA.** Dr. Clarke mentions having met in the Crimea with several caravans loaded with white cucumbers measuring above two feet in length. See his *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 169.

70. **ANTS.** Mr. Buckingham, in his just published *Travels in Mesopotamia*, p. 140, complains of having been annoyed by the bite



of "large black ants, many of them a *full inch* in length." A mere trifle. Had Mr. B. been travelling in a certain part of India instead of through Mesopotamia, he might have had to encounter a tribe of ants, "not so large as a dog, but bigger than a fox." See Herodotus, *Thalia*, 102.

The mode of destroying the termites, or white ant, in the East Indies, is a little singular,—that of turning the antipathy of the races to good account. As soon as they are observed, a little sugar is put down, which in a moment summons a tribe of black ants, who instantly attack and destroy the termites.

71. HERODOTUS ILLUSTRATED. "They who lived upon the lake Prasias, in dwellings of the following construction, were the objects of his (Darius) next attempt. In this lake, strong piles are driven into the ground, over which planks are thrown, connected by a narrow bridge with the shore. Upon these planks each man has his hut, from every one of which a trap door opens to the water. To prevent their infants from falling into the lake, they fasten a string to their legs." Herodotus *Terpsichore*, 16.

Dr. Clarke gives a similar description of old Cherkash—a city inhabited by the Chernomortzi Cossacks---and which may be almost said to float upon the water. Its houses are all raised upon piles, and accessible only by means of boats or narrow wooden bridges. Foot-paths, running like galleries before them, form a sort of causeway to every quarter of the town. The children play about on the tops of the houses, and "as we sailed into this city, we beheld the younger part of its inhabitants sitting upon the ridges of the sloping roofs, while their dogs were actually running about and barking in that extraordinary situation. During our approach, children leaped from the windows and doors, like so many frogs, into the water, and in an instant were seen swimming about our boat. Every thing seemed to announce an amphibious race; not a square inch of dry land could be seen: in the midst of a very populous metropolis, at least one half of its inhabitants were in the water, and the other half in the air." Dr. Clarke's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 361.

72. MAGIC—MAGICIANS. Isaac Aaron, a learned Greek, in 1148, and who acted as interpreter to the Emperor Emanuel Comnenus, was convicted of practising magic, and in consequence was condemned to lose his eyes, and have his tongue cut out. A kind of tortoise, the image of a man, having irons on his feet, and his stomach pierced with a nail, was found in his possession, and which went a great way towards establishing his guilt. See Nicetas, *Hist. Manuel Comnen.* book iv.

One of the reasons alleged to prove that Agrippa practised magic, was, that when he was upon his travels he used to pay money at the inns, which at the time seemed very good; but in a few days it was found to be nothing but pieces of horns or shells. See Martin del Rio's *Disquis. Magic.* book ii. quæst. 12. See also the 29th quæst. in the same book, where Rio relates that a scholar having unfortunately raised the Devil by reading one of Agrippa's magical books, and being prevented by fright from answering his Satannic Majesty's

question of "what he wanted?" the fiend became enraged, and strangled him on the spot.

Apion boasted that by the help of magic he had been enabled to obtain a conversation with Homer. See Pliny, book xxx. ch. ii.

Baron (de Fæneste, p. 79) tells us, that Peter Cayet made him look into an egg shell, in which he made a little man with young birds; and that he shewed him images of wax which he wounded with a small arrow, and by that means could kill any prince at an hundred leagues distance.

Pliny, book xxx. ch. i. says that Pythagoras, Empedocles, Democritus, and Plato, went into foreign countries to learn magic; and that the Britons, in their fondness for magic, even exceeded the Persians.

Leonora Galligai, who was beheaded, and her body afterwards burnt, in 1617, among other accusations, was charged with practising magical arts; and we are told by Le Grain (*Décade de Louis le Juste*, liv. x. p. 407) that on the days devoted to the performance of certain diabolical ceremonies, she ate nothing but cocks' combs and rams' kidneys.

See Naude's *Apologie des Grans Hommes*, &c. pp. 607---631, edit. 1625, for an account of the numerous fables that have been told concerning Virgil's skill in magic. Lewis Sforza by means of a magical girdle prevented his nephew from consummating his marriage. See Guiccardini, book i. p. 15.

Plato, in his first *Alcibiades*, declares positively that the magic of Zoroaster was nothing but the study of the divine nature, and the worship of the gods. See this fully proved by Brissonius *De Regni Persarum*, book ii. p. 178 (edit. 1595) Boulanger (*Eclog. ad Arnobium*, p. 346), and Naudé (*Apologie*, &c. p. 134.)

Magicians offered up human sacrifices in the times of Heliogabalus and Hadrian. See Lampridius, *vita Heliogab.* ch. viii. and Justin in *Apol.* p. 65.

Apuleius, in his *Apologia*, p. 301, says, he has read in Varro, that Fabius having lost five hundred denarii, went and consulted Nigidius, who, by the power of his incantations, made some little boys say where the purse had been buried, which contained part of these denarii; in what manner the rest had been distributed, and that Cato, the philosopher, had one of them in his possession. It is added, that Cato confessed it had been given to him by a footman.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, vol. i. p. 79, says that "Erricus, King of Sweden, had an enchanted cap, by virtue of which, and some magical murmur or whispering terms, he could command spirits, trouble the ayre, and make the wind stand which way he would; insomuch, that when there was any great wind or storm, the common people were wont to say, "the king now had on his conjuring cap."

See Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, book xii. ch. v. for some able and philosophical remarks on the case of a certain magician being punished in consequence of a revelation made to a bishop.

Voltaire wittily observes, "nothing is more ridiculous than to condemn a true magician to be burnt; for we should presume that he



can extinguish the fire, and twist the necks of his judges. All that we can do; is to say to him,---My friend, we do not burn you as a true sorcerer, but as a false one; you boast of an admirable art which you possess not; we treat you as a man who utters false money; the more we love the good, the more severely we punish those who give us counterfeits; we know very well that there were formerly venerable conjurors, but we have reason to believe that you are not one, since you suffer yourself to be burnt like a fool." *Philosophical Dictionary*, vol. iv. p. 387:

Elichius published at Frankfort, in the year 1670, a work, entitled, *De Dæmonomagia, de Dæmonis cacurgia et Lamiarum energia*. "Of the Magic of the Devils, of their power to do evil, and of the power of Sorcerers." If any of my readers are in possession of a copy of this work, they would confer a very great favor by allowing me a perusal of it.

73. THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.—Cœffetau (*Réponse au Mystère d'Iniquité*, p. 704) says, that one day a sparrow chirping in presence of several prelates, some asked Laurence the archbishop, and companion of Pope Benedict IX., what that bird said; and he told them, that the bird was desiring its companions to fly immediately to Porta Maggiore, where a cart, loaded with millet, had just broken down. Upon hearing this, several of the prelates went to that gate, and found that such was the fact. This story is evidently taken from Philostratus, who relates, that once, when Apollonius was in the midst of his associates, a swallow happening to be present, and twittering, he told them that the swallow indicated to other birds, that an ass laden with corn had fallen down before the city, and that in consequence of the fall of the ass, the corn was spread on the ground.

Pliny (book x. ch. xlix.) relates of Democritus, that he used to say, that by mingling together the blood of certain birds which he named, a serpent would be produced of so wonderful a property, that whoever should eat it, would be able to understand what the birds said to one another.

"When Melampus lived in the country, an oak lay before his door, in which several serpents had nestled; his servants having killed the old serpents, he burnt the other reptiles, together with the wood, but brought up the young serpents. After they had now reached a reasonable size, they stood around him while he lay asleep, and resting upon each of his shoulders, fell a licking his ears with their tongues. At last awaking in a fright, he understood the language of birds as they flew over his head, and he foretold to mortals the future events which he was informed of by them." *Apollodorus*, book i. p. 47.

"An associate of mine informed me, that he once had a boy, who understood the meaning of all the sounds of birds, and who said, that all of them were prophetic, and declarative of what would shortly happen. He added, that he was deprived of this knowledge through his mother, who, fearing that he would be sent to the em-

peror as a gift, poured urine into his ear when he was asleep." *Porphyry on Abstinence, book iii. § 3. p. 96, Taylor's Translation.*

74. GARLICK.—The charge for garlick and onions for the workmen employed in building the great pyramid amounted to 1600 silver talents=600,000 pounds sterling! See *Herodotus, Euterpe, 125.*

All those who had eaten garlick, were forbid to enter the temple of the Mother of the Gods. Stilpo, the disciple of Euclid, paid so little regard to this prohibition, that he not only entered the temple, after having eat garlick, but even lay in it. He thought he saw the Goddess, who said to him, "Stilpo, do you, who are a philosopher, violate the sacred laws?" He imagined that he answered her, "Give me something better to eat, and I promise you to leave garlick." See *Athenæus, book x. ch. v.*

Pliny reports, book xix. ch. v., that onions and garlicks were reckoned among the deities of Egypt, and that they even swore by them. See also Minucius Felix, ch. xxviii., and Dioscorides, book i. Hasselquist, however, says, p. 290, "that garlick does not grow in Egypt, and, though it is much used, it is brought from the islands of the Archipelago." Niebuhr states that garlick is made use of by the modern Arabs as a preservative against the deadly quality of their hot winds.

W.

## WOMAN.

Who shall condemn thee?—shall those brainless fops,  
Who walk, the essence of perfumers' shops,  
Shall they turn censors, and attempt the "Rational,"  
To pen a satire on thee in "The National?"  
Alas! they know the Editor (who rules)  
Has written—"No admission here for fools."

MR. EDITOR.—In this age, when Englishmen have become very rare, and "Rhodesmen\*" very common; when it is considered the acme of fashion to dispute the intellectual capacities of woman; you will confer a lasting favor on one who possesses greater respect for the fair sex, than ability to defend them, by inserting a few hasty thoughts (and be it remembered first impressions are often the strongest) in

\* "The inhabitants of Corinth and Rhodes were fops, weak of intellect, and effeminate in manners." Hence I infer, the name "Corinthian" is given to the dandies of the present day.

"Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppress,  
Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:  
(For how can fops thy tyranny control?  
Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul.)"

Juv. Sat.

Stepny, of Trin. Coll. Cam. in these our days,  
Would leave "smooth limbs," and satirize on stays,  
False hips, calves, insteps, whiskers, paint and spatch,  
Dandies would be for "Rhodesmen" more than match;  
Men did I call them? Oh! I did men wrong;  
Monkeys I should have said (excuse my tongue).

C.



your instructive and entertaining Magazine; convinced as I am, that the insinuations which the "Rhodesmen" of the age would throw out against womankind, owe their origin to the feelings those very fops entertain of their own insignificance and inferiority:

"Since silence seems to carry Wisdom's pow'r,  
Th' affected fools, like clocks, speak once an hour."

I have been led into this species of championship purely from my abhorrence of the "Nimnipimini" discourse which the youths of the present day think it necessary to hold in female society; talking to women, *at* them, and *with* them, as if they doubted whether they were "rational creatures." How is it possible (I would ask) that the fair sex should hold edifying conversation with "Rhodesmen?"

To these, e'en common sense would be  
Foreign, as speaking Cherokee!  
Flatt'ry, and simpers, all their arts,  
With these they angle women's hearts;  
And if they win (by this same rule),  
Folly's the bait—the "catch,"—a fool.

Too many of my sex (and to their shame I speak it) are apt, alas! to be of opinion with Lavater, "That woman knows not how to think: they perceive---can associate ideas, but can go no farther;" and acting upon this opinion, we treat them like children, and yet would condemn their state of innocency. I will ascribe the defamation of womankind to the true, the only real, source, namely, a vitiated taste, which judges others by the standard of its own inferiority. To some men, the amiable, virtuous, and unassuming woman is an object of awe! rather than admiration; she can "think," but it is on the absurdities man (who lords it in the creation) is momentarily guilty of; she can "perceive," but it is that misplaced (and therefore disgusting) flattery is man's eloquence! she can "associate ideas," but it is to fancy what man might have been, if frivolity and fashion had not reduced him to a monkey, and might, indeed, with justice say,

"Go back to what thy infancy began,  
Thou who wert never meant to be a man;  
Eat pap and spoon-meat, for thy gewgaws cry,  
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby."

But woman can "go farther;" and while she may lament man's degradation, she has the ability, by the winning and innocent arts of soft persuasion, not unfrequently to render the object of past ridicule an esteemed member of society. This change can her sex effect, has often effected; and will still effect, when conscious that her endeavours are not bestowed upon an unworthy person, but on *one* whose errors are of the head, and not of the heart! I am the last person, however, to be an advocate for "petticoat government;" neither would I be considered in the "blue" interest; no,

"For of all plagues, the greatest is untold,  
The book-learned wife, in Greek and Latin bold,  
The critic dame, who at her table sits,  
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits,  
And pities Dido's agonizing fits."

In many instances, the conduct of the one sex, influences that of the other ; and while some women will be coquets, some men must be fools ; but there are many, very many, of us, who (if we would but embrace the Catholic religion *just so far* as to make a "confession") must admit, that the greater part of those by-gone hours, which we *dare* reflect on, have been passed in the society of virtuous women!! Tell me, too, kind readers, tell me seriously, each one of you, am I right in believing, that virtuous and amiable women possess the power of soothing the cares of life, assuaging its sorrows, and of strewn the pathway to eternity with roses! Have they, or have they not, this power? Those who are of my opinion say "aye," and those who are of a contrary opinion say "no:" say aye---say no (I wait a division on the question). The "ayes" have it, and woman triumphs! I cannot, however, dismiss this *fair* subject, without proving my opinion to be correct. Revelation assures us, were indeed any proof wanting, that woman is, equally with ourselves, a thinking, accountable being, "the last best gift" to man, the sharer of his reason, the mitigator of his toil. Superior delicacy of organization, renders her incapable of undergoing severe corporeal fatigue, which, indeed, the duties of her station do not require. Dependant upon man, generosity cannot prompt him to do less than afford her protection and support, not only against open violence, but against the less apparent, and therefore more dangerous, insinuations of the artful and specious part of mankind, those

"Knaves, who in full assemblies have the knack  
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black."

I may clearly argue, that intellectual capacity is not so strongly marked upon the countenance, as are vicious inclinations; hence the reason why we are so much more deceived in our first judgments of the mind, than of the disposition, whenever that judgment is formed from visual observation. The operations of vice are violent and severe; they leave behind them marks of desolation, and furrows of anxiety; but reason, on the contrary, moves on calmly and in silence, shedding tranquillity within, and serenity without, and this serenity may most frequently be mistaken for a mark of incapacity; I believe I shall run no great hazard in asserting, that in general the imperfections of material conformation, and crookedness of disposition (probably resulting therefrom), are more strongly depicted in our features, and are more perceptible to our organs, than the gradations, affections, and qualities of the mind.

Lavater, perhaps, had not associated much with women in private society, he probably knew them only by sight, and formed opinions in his closet, drawn from observations made in public. The true character of no one person can be ascertained with certainty, through the medium of such observations; when the determinations of the mind are biassed by custom; when sense is deemed madness, and study called folly; when folly is deified as virtue, and virtue ridiculed as ignorance, at a time when fashion makes its deepest impression upon our features, and our whole conduct is regulated by its tyrannical influence, are we to sit for our pictures?



if so, how unreal a likeness would be produced, and how ridiculous an appearance would even the wisest of us exhibit. Rather let woman be shown to us as she appears, fulfilling the circle of domestic occupations; it is there she shines conspicuously bright—it is there her real character appears---it is there her virtues are unfolded, her attainments blossom with vigour, and bear fruit in abundance and perfection! She fills with propriety the relative duties of her station; what more can vaunting, proud, imperious man do? See them exerting their faculties to please man, by whom they are abused; mild, meek, submissive without servility, and humble without meanness; see them submitting to direction, scarcely daring to put forth powers which we have taught them to distrust, or if exerting them, rendering that exertion beneficial to us; and yet what return do we make them. We too often impose upon their humility, we are the source of all their errors, and shame is, or ought to be, the portion of man's ingratitude.

That woman *can* "think," and deeply too, who can doubt, when, in running over the instructive pages of history, he is informed, that a learned and polite nation, a people fond of abstract disquisitions and metaphysical researches, left the schools of far-famed philosophers to seek for better tuition under the auspices of an Aspasia, captivated, and listening with rapture to the brilliancy of her elocution and the depth of her philosophy. When we see the half-deserted philosophers themselves proud to be numbered in the list of her followers—an eloquent Pericles struck with wonder at her powers, and the penetrating genius of a Socrates bending before her for tuition, we are forced to believe that women *can* "think." The remains of the inimitable Sappho, the report of the powers of the sublime Corinna, who vied with, and even received the prize of conquest from the Theban Pindar by her verse, confirm us in our opinions; and in reading the erudite Dacier, the abstruse Wolstonecraft, and the thoughtful De Stael, we are convinced of its truth. From all evidence we are forced to acknowledge, that the contempt for female capacity, which so many men express, must proceed either from envy or inattention; it evidently has not its foundation in truth. It would be curious to inquire why the *moderns* have, in this instance, deviated so widely from their tutors---the *ancients*. We observe that truth, justice, wisdom, religion, and every attribute that can dignify humanity, are depicted by *female* forms; but how does it happen that geniuses otherwise so happy in their allusions, should fail in this instance? They seldom made use of weak instruments to work strong purposes; and yet, if women did not really possess capacity to produce these attributes, they (the ancients) must be accused (nay, more stand convicted) of folly, in making use of improper symbols to express their notions. If we examine the weaknesses and failings of women, we shall find that ignorance is the source of them; an ignorance not proceeding from want of capacity and penetration, but from want of culture and direction, as a machine of great mechanic force, in the hands of a person ignorant of the secret

springs, which give it motion and effect: such is the intellect of woman without proper education. Women of cultivated understanding, entertain as ready an apprehension of truth or falsehood, and as nice discrimination, as any man of equal education, and similar pursuits. Let the man of knowledge and taste declare, whether he is obliged to descend to folly when conversing with a well-educated woman? or whether all the faculties of his mind are not then called forth, in a manner far exceeding that which most men are capable of producing?

Women, indeed, possess more ready discernment than men; and if it be inquired how then do men dive deeper into the recesses of knowledge, it may be answered, the fire exists, the capacity remains, and only wants collision to bring it into action—it is a right education which must do it: it is from that, and that only, we can draw any advantage to ourselves from their powers. If the flint and steel had never come into contact, the fire which they contain would never have appeared; and if improperly applied, would have been worse than useless. If it were necessary that woman should be learned, in order to fill the circle marked out for her by Providence, she most undoubtedly has the ability to become so; but I wish not to insinuate that deep knowledge is essential to her, or that she possesses, in general, that power of exertion which men have. All I wish to establish in opposition to the slander of our “Rhodesmen” is, that woman is a companion fit for the most intelligent being, capable not only of “thinking,” and going far, very far beyond mere “perception,” and “association of ideas,” but capable also of judging for herself; not a mere machine (as Lavater has attempted to prove), dependant, but a free agent like ourselves; and equally the candidate for happiness, heaven, and eternity.

“ Our Grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,  
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise, unblest'd,  
With mournful looks, the blissful scene survey'd,  
And wander'd in the solitary shade;  
The Maker saw—took pity,—and bestow'd  
Woman! the last, the *best reserve* of God!”

“ Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom you trust,  
So many of your sex would not in vain  
Of broken vows and faithless men complain;  
Of all the various wretches love has made,  
How few have been by men of *sense* betray'd!  
Convinc'd by reason, they your power confess,  
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,  
And, conscious of your worth, can never love you less.”

G.

#### THE TYRANT'S FUNERAL.

On! fear ye still the arm of man, whose power  
Is as the ocean billows, dashing on  
Amid the reckless cliffs? One little hour,  
And where are they the lords of empire?—Gone,  
Each as stern Fate has twin'd his separate doom,  
Each to his last sad dwelling place---the tomb!



He too—the mighty one, before whose sway,  
In trembling awe a suppliant nation bow'd,  
Has heard the call, he dares not disobey,  
Has thrown aside the mantle for the shroud,---  
The rich imperial mantle for the cold  
Funereal shroud, around his pale form roll'd.

The crowds are gathering in yon gorgeous shrine,  
Through the long aisles the dazzling torches wave ;  
To night, with solemn rites, those crowds consign  
Their monarch's relics to the silent grave :---  
But, who shall wake the funeral strain, or raise  
Above the regal bier the voice of praise ?

I see an old man bending there—his eye,  
Oft as his thoughts grow calmer, turns awhile  
To meet his consort's gaze, that makes reply  
To his---but when along the column'd aisle  
The dark train nearer comes---in accents wild  
Their full hearts speak---"Where is our murder'd child ?"

A beauteous form is near me,---yet she pours  
No tear-drop o'er her sovereign's dust ; she brings  
No garland cull'd beneath the noontide hours,  
And voiceless hang her lute's melodious strings :---  
Ah ! all her offerings have been given to ONE,—  
Her slaughter'd spouse---that old man's only son.

Yes, that lov'd son, whom his fond parents cherish'd  
To be the hope, the pride of their lone age,  
One short month since, upon the scaffold perish'd,  
At the first dawn of Life's fair pilgrimage ;  
And yet his spirit fear'd not thus to die,  
Bravely he met the death of infamy.

But thou, usurper, now hast sunk to earth,  
Thou, who hast shiver'd Nature's firmest ties ;  
No nation's festive joys proclaim'd thy birth,  
No nation's sorrow grac'd thy obsequies ;  
And what from after ages can'st thou claim ?  
What—but the curse that brands a tyrant's name.

October, 1826.

A. K.

"POPPING THE QUESTION."

"'Tis a question to be asked."

SHAKESPEARE.

On ! 'tis an easy thing for young and gay gallants, conversant as they are in fashionable talk and modern devices, it is an easy thing for them to ask any question. I have known men, hair-brained fellows, who dine at the Clarendon, sup at Long's, and take their nocturnal repose in—either St. George's or St. James's Watch-house, men who would say or do any thing. It was as easy for them to seek a lady's hand for "the honorable estate of matrimony," as it was to solicit its partnership in a quadrille. Nay, my friend Virgilius Sayntblen has, in his time, courted ten ladies in the course of one evening, and at one ball, and made a deliberate tender of his heart

and hand to every one of them. There is no calculating to what an extent your modern beaus will carry their flirtations. Charles Calletback, or as he called himself, "Caillebacq," kept a regular book of account, containing entries of all his love affairs; and during a cursory glance over it, which I was once enabled to obtain, I counted no less than 79 young ladies who had accepted his offers in one year, besides numerous doubtful cases, and a vast number who had offered themselves to him. With such men, there is no difficulty whatever in popping the question; but it is strangely different when the questioner has arrived at the full maturity of fifty-eight, and instead of sporting an assortment of ringlets of jetty black, and manufactured by Holmes, presumes to wear his own hair, and addresses the young lady without *mustachios*. Such a man takes the field at a great disadvantage; but still, such men there are; and it is our present purpose to speak of one, who, if strictly questioned, must admit all these particulars to be correct.

Milton Sanderson went to the East Indies, in some very inferior capacity, when quite a boy. His pliability, some say his servility, but, perhaps, that is envy, procured him friends, and the climate, very fortunately, removed them precisely at the time when young Mr. S. was capable of stepping into their places. He remained in India about five-and-thirty years, during which time he was enamoured of several black women, and amassed an immense sum of money. Upon his return to England, he found his situation strangely altered—relations he had none, or if he had, they were too poor to be owned by a Nabob; friends and acquaintances were procured for him, in the same manner as his breakfast or his dinner—by his money; but such friendship, such acquaintance, can never fill the aching void which is found in every human heart—the yearning after society, which in hours of difficulty and distress is felt by all. At such moments flattery and obsequiousness but convince us how lonely we are, and render more apparent the want of some truly kind and affectionate heart, upon whom we may rely. In vain, old Sanderson mixed in all the coffee-house gaieties which Cheltenham, Brighton, or the Metropolis, alternately presented; in vain he drank hard, and played at whist till day-break; in vain were his curries and mulgatawny of heat sufficient to have scorched a salamander; notwithstanding all these, he could not persuade himself that he was happy. He rose at two, coursed the park or the town till six, dined at eight, and retired from the vulgar world at the hour when its common-place inhabitants were about to resume their daily avocations—but all would not do; he was in plain truth miserable. To read, or occupy himself with any pursuit approaching to the intellectual, was out of the question; when in India, he was immersed in trade, and had never looked into any book, save his ledger; had never exercised his intellect, except for the purpose of gain; and now that his ledger was closed for ever, and his gains invested in India bonds and British securities—he was indeed a lost man. Even the politics of his country, those very lungs of a resident Englishman, were strange to



him; away from India he seemed absent from home, and the natives of his own country were, in truth, beings having other interests and other views than he had. In the world around him all seemed busy, all full of thought and occupation, save himself.

"I will marry," he exclaimed, pushing away the untasted soup, which formed his tiffin at six o'clock. "I will marry! many a man older than I am has lived happily with a newly married wife, and why should not I? If I give up my liberty, I obtain, in return, a being who will share the burthen of life with me, a friend kind and affectionate, in one word—a wife. Oh, I will marry! it is determined." But it is not enough for a man simply to form such a determination, there must be another person in the same mind; and Sanderson, who mixed little in society, and less than all, in female society, had such an one to seek.

He had arrived at that age when a man may pat a pretty girl on the cheek without offence, and call her "my dear," without rousing observation. All the youngsters spoke of him as "old Sanderson;" and if he showed an ultra-partiality for any one in particular, it was never anticipated that he would think of making her his wife; the wildest imagination went no farther than to place her name in a corner of his will. Still, he had determined to brave the sneers and jests of his bachelor acquaintances, and all the live-long day he revelled in thought upon the anticipated comforts of a married life.

Fanny Robinson was certainly a lovely girl, and was rendered more peculiarly so, by the contrast which her manners afforded to those by whom she was usually surrounded. In her, nature seemed paramount; no one spark of affectation ever lighted up her bright eye; she had none of that crooked policy, that angling for husbands, which disgraces so many of her age and sex. Lively, and apparently careless in her manner, there was yet a total absence of frivolousness: the fool dared not approach within her glance, and wisdom itself was gratified to listen to her musical accents. "She shall be mine," said Sanderson, "mine! there is so much loveliness compressed within her one single being, that I almost fear to think of her, lest something should intervene and snatch her from me. She deserves, poor girl! a far better match than I can offer her; and yet how so? how can it be better? I will make her rich—rich to her heart's content; and riches are in this world no more than porters to open gates of happiness. And shall I not love her? Shall I not dote upon her? I fear when she is mine, I shall be too fond—foolishly fond. What more can she want?" He paused, his age came unsought into his recollection; he turned, and an envious looking-glass exhibited his grey hairs, and the wrinkles upon his cheeks; and the spark which, for a moment, beamed upon his sallow countenance, seemed but as a light in the chamber of death. The old man felt displeased, and taking up his hat, and the stick which assisted his feeble gait, left the room, exclaiming somewhat angrily, "She *shall* be mine!"

There are fifty ways of "popping" the question, all suited to the

different characters and situations of those by whom the question is to be popped. It is an ugly word, and in many cases decidedly inapplicable. To "pop," says Johnson, "is to move with a quick, sudden, and unexpected motion;" but we have known cases in which the question has been used as a corps of reserve, and has come up cautiously and slowly to complete the victory, which the artillery of sighs and small talk have partly gained. In such a case, the word is inappropriate; but it is not so if, as frequently happens, "the question" jumps out with a sort of conclusive motion between the sets in a quadrille-party, in a private box at the theatre, on the road to Richmond in a cabriolet, or in a hackney-coach, at two or three o'clock in the morning, when returning from a party. I have serious intentions of writing a code of instructions to young gentlemen, upon this awful branch of the science of making love. Why should they be left without guide or instructor?—but I am becoming prosy, and must return to Mr. Sanderson.

It was at Hastings to which place this *inamorato* had followed Fanny Robinson, that he determined, at once, to bring the matter to a conclusion. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and a party of young folks, proposed a gipsying excursion to Old Roar, and a fine day and a pleasant company enabled them to amuse themselves until the moon rose, as they were upon their return home.

"Fanny," said Charles Gordon, who was in the company, "suppose we walk across the fields home, and leave the old people to be jolted back along the road?" No sooner proposed, than agreed to; and in a few moments the foremost of the party were on their way. Sanderson was in the carriage with Fanny; Charles Gordon stood at the steps to hand her out, but the old man hobbled out first. "Had *you* not better ride home?" said Mrs. R., "it is a long way *for you* to walk, sir." Sanderson did not like the stress she laid upon the "you," but he smiled as much like a youngster as possible, and assured her he preferred walking a thousand times. "Fanny and I," said he, catching her arm as she descended from the carriage, "will walk together." Gordon was displeased—angry at being thus supplanted; but he was too volatile to brood over his misfortune, and muttering something about "old fool," he joined the party who had gone before.

"I feel quite refreshed now that we have escaped from the confinement of that close vehicle," exclaimed Sanderson,—"*See*," said Fanny, interrupting him, "see how beautifully the moon is rising over the Castle Hill; its light silvers the ripples upon the shore, and shows out the ruins of the old Castle in all their dim magnificence! oh, it is beautiful!"

"It is so, indeed!" exclaimed the old man, who felt not, however, the beauty of the scene.

"Such a night," continued his fair companion, "seems to make one sad—sad at heart: the calm languishing wind affects me like the music of an Æolian harp—soothing, and yet rendering melancholy. Look at that old tree by the side of the cliff; it seems to eclipse the



moon, which is now just behind it! See, too, those twinkling stars, looking like eyes in the bright blue heaven in which they are placed. The whole landscape is, indeed, a glorious picture!"

The enthusiasm of the animated girl, who was accustomed to treat the old man without any more reserve than she would have used towards her father, communicated itself in some degree to her companion, whose perception of natural beauties required some spur to rouse it. "Oh, go on—go on!" he exclaimed, "I love to hear you," and he drew her arm closer within his. She had been giving utterance to her thoughts, scarcely conscious of the presence of any one; and the expression of his desire for her to proceed, recalled her to herself, and she was silent. They walked on for some distance without uttering a word; at length the old man, with a sigh, spoke, or rather thought aloud, "Oh! how happy you must be, Fanny!"

"Why so, sir?"

"Can you be otherwise—you who have within yourself the power of turning all objects into sources of delight? You bestow happiness—can you yourself want it?"

"The flint, sir, is cold; and yet when struck, it yields fire."

"Are you then unhappy?" he enquired eagerly and kindly.

"I do not say so: all I would assert is, that happiness does not altogether depend upon ourselves; nor ought you always to judge them happy who but appear so."

"Ah!" said Sanderson, "I feel that to be true?"

"Are you, then, unhappy?" she enquired in her turn, "you to whom every door is open—every house free; who have but to express a wish, and it is gratified, if money or obsequiousness can obtain it. You, whom the world describes to be so wealthy, that avarice itself could wish no increase—are you unhappy?"

"I would give half that wealth in exchange for one ingredient in the cup of happiness."

"May I ask what that is?"

"Fanny, I am going to make an avowal which no ear upon earth, save yours, should ever hear; but which I have long determined to make you acquainted with; I would give half my fortune that one heart might love me."

"Affection, sir, can neither be bought nor bribed."

"Alas! alas!" he exclaimed, rising in energy as he proceeded, "I know it too well. If it were otherwise, I should not have to lament its absence now. But I do not seek to buy or bribe affection; I would earn it by the purest, deepest, most devoted love. An establishment which in splendour should rival that of princes—every gratification that influence can command, wealth purchase, or the most sincere attachment can procure, shall be yours Fanny, if——"

"Mine, sir!" exclaimed the astonished girl.

"Yes, dearest, yours! Long, long, have I loved you, and let not——"

"Hold, sir! this language was never yet addressed to me by any one, nor did I anticipate it from you. Still, sir, my heart tells me that it would be at once despicable and wicked to hold out any

expectations which my honor would not allow me to fulfil. I cannot love—I will not marry you!”

“Nay, Fanny, dearest Fanny!”

“Seek not to move my determination---my hand shall never be given to any one to whom my heart owns not an allegiance.”

“But speak not thus rashly---do not decide at once; consider the advantages you lose.”

“And what advantages do I lose? Ask yourself, can wealth supply the absence of affection? Can luxury exclude unhappiness, or splendour fill up the place of blighted and long cherished hopes? You have yourself answered these questions.”

“But if your heart be unoccupied, do not thus exclude me at once---you may think differently of me.”

“It is not, Mr. Sanderson, from any opinion I entertain of you that I now speak. Had any other person---save one---addressed me, his answer would have been the same.”

“You said it was a subject upon which you never had been entreated.”

“And I said the truth. A woman’s love does not need to be drawn out by entreaty. The forms of society will not allow her to declare her affection, but the heart waits for no such forms; it loves, although it be uncertain of return, or even certain of disdain.”

This avowal quite puzzled old Sanderson, who ran through the list of those who had a sufficient intimacy with Miss Robinson, to justify a suspicion that her attachment had fallen upon one of them. “Madam,” at length he exclaimed, angry at his disappointment and her opposition, “I did not expect to be thus rejected; but I know the favored swain, and you may rely upon it shall take some means to put a stop to your low intrigues! That young beardless fopling, Charles Gordon, is——”

“Low intrigues!” echoed the spirited girl, stopping short, and looking him in the face; “do you know yourself, Mr. Sanderson? Do you know me? Is your opinion so suddenly altered, or dare you accuse the daughter of those who alone in the world treat you kindly, of a low intrigue? As to Mr. Charles Gordon, your opinion of him is quite unimportant. Why you should imagine that I referred to him, I know not; but if I did, I demand to know in what respect, save in wealth, he is your inferior? Your mind is, I fear, scarcely capable of judging in how many points he is your superior. Inform my parents of what has passed, if you please---I presume that is what you propose to do; and whilst I charge you to tell them the whole truth, be careful that one syllable more than the truth does not escape you. Mix up no malice with your tale; and before you begin the recital, it may be well to ask your heart this one question; ‘How will that Being, the Author of the light which at this moment is shed around us---that God of whom this pure and holy light is an emblem---how will He judge the motives from which you act?’”

“Oh, pardon! pardon!” exclaimed the old man, overwhelmed by her appeal, “I have done wrong; but pray you---pardon me. You have made me a wretched man---there is no happiness for me.”



"Nay, sir, you wrong yourself to say so---you wrong me, and you wrong your God! He has given you wealth more than ordinary; seek not to form an alliance from which, whatever you may anticipate, happiness cannot arise---an alliance which the world will cry out against, and justly; but seek happiness by another path---squander not your wealth at the tavern or the gaming table, but let it flow amongst those who really need it. Do good with it---that good which only rich men can do, and you will find that much, very much, happiness results to him whom God has enabled to become a father to the orphan, and 'to cause the widow's heart to sing for joy.' If you would be loved, do this, and you will be blessed with the purest affection that earth contains, or humanity can boast."

At this moment they reached home; and Sanderson left Hastings the next day. I scarcely know the result, but I met the old man a few days ago, smiling to himself, and in all appearance a happy man.

MAURICE PENN.

### SOLITUDE.

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,  
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own  
Though solitary, who is not alone,  
But doth converse with the eternal love.  
Oh! how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,  
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,  
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,  
Which make good doubtful, evil do approve;  
Oh! how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,  
And sighs embalm'd which new born flow'rs unfold,  
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!  
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!  
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights—  
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

W. DRUMMOND.

### CAPILLOLOGY AND PHRENOLOGY.

THE article inserted in our last number upon the new and interesting science of Capillology has created a great sensation—we believe that is the modern phrase—a great sensation. The communications we have received upon the subject are innumerable; we have been under the necessity of engaging a literary gentleman of eminence merely to superintend the Capillological department, and he has given us to understand, that for three weeks past his time has been entirely occupied from eight o'clock in the morning until ten at night in perusing and classifying the various letters upon the subject. Our correspondents may be divided into two classes---the *pros* and *cons*; the number of the former is incalculable, in the latter division we reckon only four; we shall say a few words about each of these classes, beginning with the *cons*.

We have received a note from Mr. Joseph Hume, assuring us that his hair has a curl, and consequently desiring to be ranked amongst the "useful" members of society; but Professor Hardhead, or "the Dr." as he is called, par eminence, amongst his disciples, requests us to reply, that the honorable representative of the Scotch fishwomen is entirely mistaken, and that "the tottle of the whole" of the matter is, that he has not a single curl, except those which Saunders M'Mullegrubs is under a contract to supply him with every Sunday morning, at the rate of four-pence three farthings per week, payable quarterly, the said Saunders agreeing to deduct the extra three farthings whenever the said honorable gentleman provides a fire wherein the curling irons of the said Saunders may be heated.

Two other letters which have reached us are written by persons who most unreasonably pretend that there is no such science at all as Capillology, and charge us with endeavouring to bring the sister science of Phrenology into contempt. This is really most ridiculous; how we can bring Phrenology into a situation in which it is well known to be already, we do not exactly see; but the truth is, we, or rather "the Dr.," for we merely give utterance to the opinions of another---"the Dr." has no desire whatever to interfere with any other science; he would wish Capillology to be judged by its own merits, without reference to any extraneous matter. We cannot feel much surprise that there should be sceptics in Capillology, however much we may regret the fact, since in this respect we share the fate not only of Phrenology, but even of those opinions which we regard most holy. The truth is, nothing can be done in Capillology, Phrenology, and sciences of the like nature, without a considerable portion of faith. One of the letters we have received upon this subject, and which, as well as we can make it out, for it is a miserable scrawl, is signed, "J. Devil, Strand," rates us in very set terms upon this subject, and tells us, that if we would only make a few "hopserwashuns," we should soon discover that Phrenology proceeds upon "wery certain principles." We make no doubt that all this good gentleman asserts is very true---we have no quarrel with Phrenology, and dare say he finds the study of it to be extremely profitable; but surely Dr. Hardhead may be allowed to circulate his opinions with as much freedom as is granted to Dr. Spurzheim and his foreman, the---the---the---what is his name? our Strand correspondent.

The fourth letter from the *cons* is dated "Mutton Hill," and is really quite libellous. This man wants to take away the character of Dr. Hardhead altogether, by asserting, that he is nothing better than a "quack!" and that Dr. Spurzheim is the only "real Simon Pure" in these matters. We have handed this letter to Dr. Hardhead, who informs us that he has stated a case for the opinion of Mr. Brougham, as to whether an action will not lie for this serious defamation; and if Mr. B.'s opinion is in the affirmative, "the Dr." intends to enter an action in the King's Bench immediately.

We now turn to the more pleasing task of considering one or two of the inexhaustible store of testimonials in favor of Dr. Hardhead's



discoveries. It is quite impossible we can do more than state the contents of a few of them. The first we shall notice is from a Mr. Thomas Campbell, who begs to assure us that his hair is curly, and pledges himself that if we will tell the world that it is so, he will procure Dr. Hardhead the Capillology Professorship of the London University. We do not know this "Thomas Campbell," but he seems very anxious to get a little fame, and we like to humour harmless propensities.

One of the Missionary Societies has applied to us as to the capacities of several young men whom they are about to send out to convert the heathen, and have enclosed twenty guineas for our opinions upon certain described heads of hair. No. 1, is perhaps a "pious" youth, as that word is now construed, that is, he may be very willing to condemn all who do not agree with him upon abstruse, mystical doctrines; but he is a very thick-headed, obstinate fellow, and is entirely ignorant of the language and manners of the people to whom he is about to be sent. No. 2, a married man, who has received out of the money collected for religious purposes, 800*l.* to fit out himself and wife, and is to have a salary of 500*l.* per annum, and to be "done for" by the Company--Society we mean. This is a sly Scotchman, who has accepted what he thinks, and is determined to make, a good birth--when he is once out of control of his masters, he will see the heathen at the d---l before he will go near them. They may convert themselves if they please, he will not be plagued with them.

These are two specimens of the sort of people sent to spread "the glad tidings" of Christianity. No. 3, is a foolish, weak-minded fire-brand, who instead of preaching "peace and goodwill," will sow discord wherever he comes; but his character is so complex, that we shall write it, and all the others at large, and leave them at our publisher's, where the Missionary Society may obtain them.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of three heads of hair taken from Egyptian Mummies, presented to Dr. Hardhead by the Trustees of the British Museum.

Mr. Brougham informs us that he intends publishing a dissertation upon Capillology in the Library of Useful Knowledge, to be adorned with portraits of his own head of hair, and of his professional wig. He says the former is curly, and wishes us to believe him, but we have our doubts; we have seen some very ominous rats'-tails peeping from under his powdered head-covering. By the bye, the curling of barristers' wigs is a strong proof of Capillology, as is also the old saying, that "all the wisdom is in the wig." It is very clear that this Science must have been familiar to the ancients.

Mr. Ross, the challenging barber, has transmitted to Dr. Hardhead ninety-seven old wigs, with a curious dissertation on the effect of Bear's Grease upon hair, which we intend to inclose to the Royal Society. We beg to inform our readers, that old wigs of all sorts and sizes are thankfully received by Dr. Hardhead, at his residence, No. 12, Crines Row, Westminster; at which place also "the Dr." gives a demonstration of the truth of the science, every Tuesday and

Friday at three o'clock. Carriages to set down with the horses' heads towards Temple Bar. Seats are provided for ladies of title.

A Mr. Clarke has sent us proposals for establishing a Joint Stock Company for the propagation of Capillology—we thank him, but we hate Humbug.

A Capillological Primer, or The New-born Babe's Instructor in the Rudiments of the Science, by Alderman Wood, is this day published by Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, price four-pence. No. 1 of A Quarterly Capillological Journal will be published on the 1st of May. It is also in contemplation to hold a public meeting to discuss the tenets of Capillology; and an illustrious personage has been graciously pleased to signify that a grant of Crown Land shall be made for the erection of a Capillological Club, as soon as funds have been obtained, and a committee appointed to superintend the building. The following donations have been already received. The proprietors of The Edinburgh Review, The Old Times Journal, The Morning Chronicle Newspaper, Jeremy Bentham, Esq., the Hon. Leicester Stanhope, and Douglas Kinnaird, Esq. 50 guineas each; Alderman Wood, the profits of his book; Alderman Waithman, his share in the shawl shop in Fleet Street; Mr. Murray, the profits of The National Library, vol. 1; Mr. Crook, the Phrenologist, his prayers; several ladies of title have sent their jewels; and penny-a-week societies are to be established in every town and village in the United Kingdom.

We have retained a "special" attorney to draw wills and codicils for those who may feel inclined to make bequests for the promotion of Capillology, and also a Physician, Surgeon, and Apothecary to attend to their health and prescribe for them. These *gentlemen* are paid by the society; all that is required of the patients is—to swallow their physic, and we are confident the effects will very soon be discovered.

### MOONLIGHT.

I LOVE to see the melancholy Moon  
Wheel on her silent way, thro' brilliant skies,  
And gaze upon her with insatiate eyes,  
And raptured heart.—Oh! then is Nature's noon  
Of loveliness; 'tis then the heavenly tune  
Of hymns seraphic thrill amid the air;  
'Tis then we seem to lose each earthly care;  
We dream not then of tempest or monsoon,  
But fancy earth must always be as fair,  
As in the hour when yon reflective light  
Flies from the caverns of her Eastern lair,  
To beam with soft irradiance o'er the night,  
'Till morn disrobes her of her golden vest,  
And she retiring, seeks young Zephyr's breast.

F.



## PEARLS OF POESY.—No. III.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE merits of this gentleman are becoming now more generally appreciated. By highly cultivated intellects, he has long been acknowledged to possess a genius of astonishing power and extent. Such as were acquainted with him as a conversationist, found him to be the most eloquent of men;---they who studied his prose works, discovered him to be the most profound and subtle of modern philosophers; while all have with one voice confessed that his poetical creations were cast in the most elevated moulds of Imagination and Fancy. It is to him, in fact, and to Wordsworth, that we are indebted for what we know of the distinction between these two faculties; and they both possess an uncommon mastery over them, and can elect which they shall exert on any particular occasion. This is the highest prerogative of genius---here they surpass Byron, who confessedly was "mastered by his own mind;"---but they are, and always have been, the masters of theirs. To them it has been but an instrument, even as the faculties are instruments to it. This is a practical separation of the idea of self from the mind, which appears to reveal to us one of the mysteries of our wonderful conformation. The last number of the Quarterly Review contains a notice of Mr. Coleridge's Translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, the best translation ever made from the German language. We shall give an extract or two from this.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ASTROLOGICAL TOWER.

"It was a strange  
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first  
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now  
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after  
The closing door, was gone; and all about me  
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows  
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven  
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me  
In a half circle. Each one in his hand  
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star,  
And in the tower no other light was there  
But from these stars; all seemed to come from them.  
'These are the planets,' said that low old man;  
'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause  
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,  
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,  
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn:  
He opposite, the king with the red light,  
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars:  
And both these bring but little luck to man.  
But at his side a lovely lady stood,  
The star upon her head was soft and bright,  
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.  
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.

Quite in the middle glittered, silver bright,  
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien ;  
And this was Jupiter, my father's star ;  
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon."

THE LOVER'S REFLECTIONS ON ASTROLOGY.

" MAX.---Oh never rudely will I blame his faith  
In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely  
The human being's PRIDE that peoples space  
With life and mystical predominance ;  
Since likewise for the stricken heart of LOVE  
This visible nature, and this common world,  
Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import  
Lurks in the legend told my infant years,  
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.  
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place ;  
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,  
And spirits ; and delightedly believes  
Divinities, being himself divine.  
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths ; all these have vanished.  
They live no longer in the faith of reason !  
But still the heart doth need a language ; still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.  
And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover  
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
Shoot influence down ; and even at this day  
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

" THEKLA.---And if this be the science of the stars,  
I too, with glad and zealous industry,  
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.  
It is a gentle and affectionate thought  
That in immeasurable heights above us,  
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,  
With sparkling stars for flowers."

DIVIDED FRIENDSHIP.

" Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another



To free the hollow heart from paining---  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been."

## AN APRIL NIGHT.

"The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek---  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

## AN OLD CHAMBER.

"The moon shines dim in the open air,  
And not a moon-beam enters there.  
But they without its light can see  
The chamber carved so curiously,  
Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain,  
For a lady's chamber meet:  
The lamp with two-fold silver chain  
Is fastened to an angel's feet."

## IMPARTIAL PROVIDENCE.

"But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
That saints will aid if men will call,  
For the blue sky bends over all."

## THE ABYSSINIAN MAID.

"A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Arbora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her sympathy and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread:  
For he on honey dew hath fed,  
And drank the milk of Paradise."

## REMORSE.

"Remorse is as the heart in which it grows,  
If that be gentle it drops balmy dews  
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,  
It is a poison tree, that pierced to the inmost  
Weeps only tears of poison."---

## THE JOYS OF GRIEF.

There are woes,  
"Ill-bartered for the garishness of joy!  
If it be wretched with an untired eye  
To watch those skyey tints, and this green ocean;  
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,  
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,  
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again,  
All past hours of delight! if it be wretched  
To watch some bark, and fancy Alva there,  
To go through each minutest circumstance,  
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures  
Most terrible and strange, and hear him tell them;  
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid,  
Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,  
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft  
Hung with her lute, and played the self same tune  
He used to play, and listened to the shadow  
Herself had made)--if this be wretchedness,  
And if indeed it be a wretched thing  
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine  
That I had died, died just ere his return!  
Then see him listening to my constancy.  
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft  
Sits on my grave, and gazes at the moon;  
Or haply, in some more fantastic mood,  
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers,  
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,  
And there to wait his coming.

If this be wretchedness  
That eats away the life--what were it--"

## AN OASIS.

"Encinctured with a twine of leaves,  
That leafy twine his only dress!  
A lovely boy was plucking fruits  
In a moon-light wilderness.  
The moon was bright, the air was free,  
And fruits and flowers together grew  
On many a shrub and many a tree,  
And all put on a gentle hue,  
Hanging in the shadowy air  
Like a picture rich and rare.  
It was a climate where, they say,  
The night is more beloved than day,  
But who that beauteous boy beguiled,  
That beauteous boy! to linger here?  
Alone, by night, a little child,  
In place so silent and so wild--  
Had he no friend, no loving mother near?"



## GENERAL REVIEW.

*Narrative of the Burmese War. By Major Snodgrass. London : Murray. 8vo. pp. 319.*

IN selecting this volume for notice, it is not our intention to detail the exploits of the British army in the war to which it refers, but rather to endeavour, by means of the information which is scattered through its pages, to lay before our readers a few notes, descriptive of the manners of the vast and warlike, although undisciplined, nation, against which our little army had to contend. It has lately been charged against Major Snodgrass, that he has omitted all mention of the co-operation of the naval force which afforded great assistance to the military, and very materially conduced to bring about the final treaty. This omission is certainly a great fault; no one reading the book would imagine that the "operations" of the military which Major S. professes to detail, were at all aided by their blue-jacketted brethren; but still we think it ought to be noticed, that the Major professes in his title page to treat merely of "the operations of Sir A. Campbell's army." This is certainly not a complete justification, although it explains why he has not gone into the full details of the exploits of both services.

When the Indian Government had decided upon the attack of Rangoon, the island of Great Andaman, without the Bay of Bengal, was fixed as a place of rendezvous for the forces to be employed. Of this island very little is known: the following is the account of the inhabitants given by Major Snodgrass:

"During our stay in this romantic bay, frequent excursions were made by parties of officers to different parts of the island, but all their efforts to communicate with the few wretched beings who inhabit these sequestered regions were unattended with success; savages, in the fullest sense of the word, they shun the approach of civilized man; and if at any time they are accidentally discovered in the thick-set jungle, which reaches the very margin of the sea, never fail to evince the hostile feelings with which they regard a stranger's visit to their shores, by shooting flights of arrows at the boats, and flying to the interior as soon as a landing is effected.

"The Andamaners are very short in stature, and their features bear some resemblance to the inhabitants of the opposite coast of Pegu; their dwellings are huts of the most miserable description, and they appear to be in constant motion in quest of shell-fish, upon which they principally subsist, and in which the bays and creeks of the islands abound. The number of these miserable islanders is very limited, but the impenetrable nature of the woody region they inhabit has hitherto prevented any correct opinion being formed of their habits and condition, every endeavour to hold the slightest intercourse with them, or to ameliorate their wretched situation, has invariably failed. They have been accused of some of the worst propensities of savage man, and have long been considered as cannibals, but probably without sufficient reason; at least the skulls and bones, with which we found their huts plentifully adorned, afforded no ground for such an accusation, which their appearance has sometimes given rise to; but were clearly recognised to have belonged to a species of small island hog, which is frequently caught and used as food by the natives. The origin of these people still remains a subject of conjecture, some supposing, from their woolly hair, they are African descent; while others, with equal reason, judging from their countenances, believe them to have come originally from the opposite coast of Pegu, or Arracan."

At p. 63, we find the following notice of the Burman Astrologers, and a corps termed amongst them "The King's Invulnerables."

"Blindly superstitious in some points, Burmese of all ranks implicitly believe in the predictions of these impostors. The influence of the moon upon the affairs of men is never doubted, and the calculations of the astrologers upon certain signs and indications of that planet obtain universal credit; from the fixing a propitious time for attacking a position, to the most ordinary affair of life, nothing can prosper without consulting an astrologer; these men are consequently found in every corner of the kingdom, and are held in the highest esteem and veneration by the people. By persons of rank especially, these oracles are much favored and respected, consulting them in all military operations, and abiding rigidly by their decisions. Their predictions on some occasions, however, were productive of more evil than good to the cause they wished to serve; for although they seldom failed to inspire the troops with a degree of confidence, the publicity that attended their decisions not unfrequently found its way into our lines, and prepared us for the attack.

"Another novel and formidable reinforcement about this time joined the enemy from Ava, styled the King's Invulnerables. This corps consists of several thousand men, divided, however, into many classes of warriors, of whom a select band only are specially entitled to the above-mentioned appellation. They are distinguished by the short cut of their hair, and the peculiar manner in which they are tattooed, having the figures of elephants, tigers, and a great variety of ferocious animals, indelibly, and even beautifully, marked upon their arms and legs; but to the soldiers they were best known by having bits of gold, silver, and sometimes precious stones, in their arms, probably introduced under the skin at an early age.

"These men are considered by their countrymen as invulnerable; and from their foolish and absurd exposure of their persons to the fire of an enemy, they are either impressed with the same opinion, or find it necessary to show a marked contempt for danger in support of their pretensions. In all the stockades and defences of the enemy, one or two of these heroes were generally found, whose duty it was to exhibit the wanton defiance upon the most exposed part of their defences, infusing courage and enthusiasm into the minds of their comrades, and affording much amusement to their enemies. The infatuated wretches, under the excitement of opium, too frequently continued the ludicrous exhibition, till they afforded convincing proof of the value of their claims to the title they assume.

"Great expectations were formed from the presence of the princes with the army, aided by astrology, and the united skill and valour of the sages and warriors, who had sworn to rid their country of its hostile intruders. As, however, a considerable period had to elapse from their arrival to the first predicted lucky moon, (of which due information was received at Rangoon,) when a nocturnal attack upon our lines was meditated, the interval was not allowed to pass unprofitably on our part."

As our army advanced up the river Irrawaddy, the dispersed and flying Burmese desolated the whole face of the country, in order to prevent the invaders from obtaining subsistence. Towns of considerable magnitude were utterly destroyed by fire—the inhabitants driven out into the woods and jungles—the cattle dispersed, and the most horrible methods adopted, in order, if possible, to stay the progress of our troops. Upon the setting in of the rainy season in July, 1825, our army took up their winter quarters at Prome, to which they had advanced, and here every means of conciliation were adopted to induce the inhabitants to the homes they had deserted or been driven from by the Burmese. The success which attended the endeavour is thus described by Major Snodgrass. We cannot help suspecting something like exaggeration in some parts of the picture, but doubtless its leading features are correct.

"The persecuted inhabitants poured in from every quarter; some from the woods, bringing their families, cattle, waggons, and other property along with them; but by far



the greater number had escaped from military escorts, and returned in a most miserable and starving condition, having lost or been plundered by their guards of every thing belonging to them. It is, happily, not in the nature of a Burmese to despond, or long repine at past sufferings or losses; contentment, and a cheerful acquiescence in the decrees of fate, seldom abandon him; and those who had the good luck to find their houses undestroyed, were, in a few hours, comfortably established: while their less fortunate companions, whose abodes had perished in the conflagration, applied themselves with such zeal and assiduity to the construction of their light and airy habitations, that, in the course of a few weeks, Prome had not only recovered from the desolating effects of the system pursued by the Burmese leaders, but had risen from its ashes in greater magnitude than it could boast of, even in its proudest days.

"The tide of population long receding before us, having once overcome the barrier that restrained it, now flowed back into the deserted provinces; the natives retiring from the vicinity and approach of their own armies, to seek for safety and protection under the British flag; flying from the oppressive measures and arbitrary exactions of their own government, to seek for peace and an industrious livelihood in the cantonments of a foreign enemy. Plentiful bazars, at every station, soon bore ample testimony to the confidence of the inhabitants in the justice and good faith of their invaders, whose troops now lived in comfort and abundance, enjoying themselves in unmolested ease, after the fatigues and privations of an arduous, though short, campaign; and presenting a striking contrast to the miserable and ill-conducted armies of the King of Ava, who, unpaid, unsupplied, and trusting wholly for resources to what they could extort or seize from the industrious and labouring peasantry, were now frequently reduced to the alternative of choosing between dispersion and starvation.

"The towns and districts in our rear following the example of the provincial capital, we had soon the satisfaction of seeing the banks of the Irrawaddy, under Prome, enlivened by the presence of a happy and contented people, whose only care and anxiety arose from the apprehension of our departure, and their consequent re-subjection to their former masters."

The following summary of the Burmese character cannot fail to be highly interesting, especially that part of it which refers to their religious opinions. Several American Missionaries have for some time been stationed amongst them, and we should imagine, that such a people, if really dissatisfied with, or even if regardless of, their present form of worship, cannot be very far from the reception of Christianity.

"Unshackled by the caste of the Hindoo, or the creed of the intolerant Mussulman, but free from religious prejudice, and proud of himself and of the land that gave him birth, the Burmese is ready to receive any change which would tend to raise him in the scale of civilized society: so slight, indeed, is their regard for their present code of worship, that it has often been remarked, and not without strong and weighty reason, that the King of Ava could, by a simple order, change the religion of the nation without a murmur being heard. Five months of uninterrupted tranquillity gave us, for the first time, an opportunity of forming some acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people of Ava; and although some allowance may fairly be made for the restraint, which the presence of a victorious enemy may be presumed to have imposed upon the development of the national character, our experience, at least, warrants the assertion, that in his private and domestic habits and deportment, the Burmese evinces little of the arrogance, cruelty, or vice, which have made him so justly an object of fear and hatred to the surrounding nations, to whom he is only known as a sanguinary and ferocious warrior, carrying havoc and destruction into FREE and unoffending states, at the command of a grasping and ambitious tyrant." \* \* \*

"At home, the Burmese, probably owing to his military habits, is decidedly lazy, and averse to work—to his shame, allowing, or rather compelling, his wife to toil hard for the support of his family, while he passes his time in idleness, smoking, or chewing betel, the favourite pastime of natives of all ranks: his wants, however, are few and simple; rice, and a little pickled fish, constitute the chief articles of food, while water is his only drink: naturally good-humoured and contented, he seems happy and resigned,

bearing all the oppressions to which he may be subjected, with apathy and indifference; and in his own house he is kind and affectionate to his children, seldom evincing anger or ill-treatment to any member of his family. It must, however, be allowed, that the Burmese are little guided or restrained in their conduct and actions by any moral principle: selling their daughters, even to strangers, is a common practice among them; nor does the transaction reflect either disgrace or shame on the parties concerned. Government, upon political grounds, strictly prohibits any woman from being allowed to leave the country; and the unhappy females who are sacrificed to this disgraceful custom, generally return to their families, in no way slighted or degraded, but more frequently as objects of envy, from the little stock of wealth they bring back with them.

"It has often been objected to the Burmese, that they are given to pilfering, lying, and dissimulation, as well as insolent and overbearing to strangers; but the remark may be, in a great measure, confined to the numerous government functionaries and their followers, with whom every town and village in the kingdom abounds: they are indeed a vile race, who exist by fraud and oppression, and who, upon numerous pretences, no matter how frivolous, are always ready to rob and plunder all who come within the influence of their authority: the poor people, on the contrary, by far the best part of the nation, are frank and hospitable, and by no means deficient in qualities which would do honor to more civilized nations. They, very generally, can read and write; are acute, intelligent, and observing; and, although frequently impressed with high notions of their own sovereign and country, show no illiberality to strangers or foreigners who reside among them. In a word, to sum up their character, their virtues are their own, and their faults and vices those of education, and the pernicious influence of a cruel and despotic government."

We have not room for any extract from the concluding chapter of Major Snodgrass's work, in which he describes the commercial advantages likely to accrue to this country from the newly ceded provinces, and a friendly intercourse with the Burmhan Empire. If Major S.'s estimate is well founded, a very considerable inlet for British commodities will be opened in that quarter.

*Rough Notes, taken during some rapid Journies across the Pampas, and among the Andes. By Capt. F. B. Head. 1826. London: Murray. 12mo. pp. 309.*

THIS is really an admirable book, written in a bold, dashing, galloping style, and bearing upon its front the very impress of truth and fidelity. "Rough Notes," such as those of Capt. Head, are infinitely more valuable than the labored disquisitions of over-wise travellers, who torment their readers with never-ceasing disquisitions upon common-place topics. We had occasion lately to record our opinion of a book, which treats upon the countries visited by Captain Head, written by Mr. Miers, and we freely confessed that it contained much valuable information; but the lively sketches of our present author, depict the state and condition of the people far more vividly, and contain a very great deal of interesting matter in a much smaller compass. Capt. Head is evidently an acute, shrewd observer, quick in discovering the ridiculous and eccentric, and with a happy knack of sketching scenes to the life, whether the subject be serious or ludicrous. The volume before us contains a variety of these outlines, which richly repay the reader. Take for instance the following example:



"To people accustomed to the cold passions of England, it would be impossible to describe the savage, inveterate, furious hatred which exists between the Gauchos and the Indians. The latter invade the country for the ecstatic pleasure of murdering the Christians, and in the contests which take place between them mercy is unknown. Before I was quite aware of these feelings, I was galloping with a very fine-looking Gaucho, who had been fighting with the Indians, and after listening to his report of the killed and wounded, I happened, very simply, to ask him, how many prisoners they had taken?—The man replied by a look which I shall never forget—he clenched his teeth, opened his lips, and then sawing his fore-finger across his bare throat for a quarter of a minute, bending towards me, with his spurs sticking into his horse's side, he said in a sort of low choking voice, 'Se matan todos,' (we kill them all)."

What can be more forcible? The following, which is all we can find room for, is not less striking. It is part of an account of the native Pampas Indians:

"The life they lead is singularly interesting. In spite of the climate, which is burning hot in summer, and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked, and have not even a covering for their head.

"They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a Cacique, but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good, there are they to be found, until it is consumed by their horses, and they then instantly move to a more verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit, nor vegetables, but they subsist entirely on the flesh of their mares, which they never ride; and the only luxury in which they indulge, is that of washing their hair in mare's blood.

"The occupation of their lives is war, which they consider as their noble and most natural employment; and they declare that the proudest attitude of the human figure is when, bending over his horse, man is riding at his enemy. The principal weapon which they use is a spear eighteen feet long; they manage it with great dexterity, and are able to give it a tremulous motion which has often shaken the sword from the hand of their European adversaries.

"From being constantly on horseback, the Indians can scarcely walk. This may seem singular, but from their infancy they are unaccustomed to it. Living in a boundless plain, it may easily be conceived, that all their occupations and amusements must necessarily be on horseback, and from riding so many hours the legs become weak, which naturally gives a disinclination to an exertion which every day becomes more fatiguing; besides, the pace at which they can skim over the plains on horseback is so swift, in comparison to the rate they could crawl on foot, that the latter must seem a cheerless exertion.

"As a military nation, they are much to be admired, and their system of warfare is more noble and perfect in its nature than that of any nation in the world. When they assemble, either to attack their enemies, or to invade the country of the Christians, with whom they are now at war, they collect large troops of horses and mares, and then, uttering the wild shriek of war, they start at a gallop. As soon as the horses they ride are tired, they vault upon the bare backs of fresh ones, keeping their best until they positively see their enemies. The whole country affords pasture to their horses, and whenever they choose to stop, they have only to kill some mares. The ground is the bed on which, from their infancy, they have always slept, and they therefore meet their enemies with light hearts and full stomach, the only advantages which they think men ought to desire."

*The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford in the Month of July, 1826.*  
Written, at the desire of the party, by the Chaplain to the  
Mayoralty. 12mo. Longman. 1827.

SOME ladies of our acquaintance informed us that Mr. Dillon was "a nice young man," and we therefore anticipated as much pleasure from the perusal of this little volume, as books written by "nice" young men usually afford. But, indeed! indeed! we were woefully mistaken; never did the press send forth---never did man, young or old, nice or the contrary, indite a book of half the import-

ance or half the beauty of this production of the civic historian! Had poor Mr. Nichols lived to see it, his death-bed would have been disturbed by envy. He, cautious man, detailed with Archæological minuteness all the turnings and windings of Royal progresses; but Mr. Dillon overmasters him at his own weapons, and makes a flourish whenever the Lord Mayor condescended to convey a slice of venison or a cup of coffee to his illustrious mouth. "Oh, for an eternity of eating!" exclaims a citizen in some old play; and if we may judge from this volume, and the continued eatings which are here recorded, had that citizen lived in the present day, his wish would have been as nearly fulfilled as the shortness of human life will allow. Never, we will venture to assert, were there such doings---such breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, teas, and suppers at the Star Inn, Oxford, before; never will there be again, until some future Lord Mayor shall condescend to follow in the footsteps of the late Right Honorable Magistrate. But even then the world will lose its enjoyment, unless another Dillon be found to immortalize the stupendous achievement. If such a happy event should take place, it will become of great importance to study well the volume before us, which is a fine specimen of *the civic style of composition*. We have not space to devote to any long extracts; but our readers may judge of the beautiful minuteness by which the narrative is distinguished, when they learn that Mr. Dillon communicates to the world (amongst others) the following curious and highly important facts---discoveries we may say, for if it had not been for his adventurous genius, the world would still have been in ignorance of them. Mr. Dillon informs us, that the Lord Mayor has "a well looking coachman"---"That the coachman's countenance was thoughtful and reserved"---"That driving four-in-hand is a test of *equestrian style*"---"That the sun rises at eight o'clock in the morning in the city on the 25th of July"---"That Mr. Thomas Roberson is Town Clerk of Oxford, and Mr. Firth first clerk to the Town Clerk"---"That the Lady Mayoress and seven other ladies ordered dinner at the Star, and spent the evening *in their own society*"---"That the female attendant of my Lady Mayoress dresses with becoming neatness"---"That the Lord Mayor and the company, to the number of about twenty-five, sat down at a *quarter before* seven o'clock to a banquet of such a grand and costly nature, as seemed to indicate that the whole neighbouring country had been put in requisition"---"That the clock had *nearly sounded within an hour of midnight*, when the Lord Mayor rose from the table, and was followed by the rest of the company"---"That *Coffee was handed round*"---(which last fact, let it be observed, is highly illustrative of the manners of the savage people of Oxfordshire)---"That the human teeth are in a very convenient situation, the grinders being placed behind near the centre of motion, because chewing requires considerable force; the cutters are placed in front ready for their easier work!"---We make no doubt that these few extracts will fully convince our readers of the extraordinary merit of this production, which we believe is unique in its kind, and stands alone upon the very pinnacle of absurdity.



## NOTICES OF MUSIC.

*Kentish Melodies. The words and airs by an Amateur.*

By the kindness of a friend, we are enabled to present our readers with a notice of this volume, which is privately distributed amongst the Author's friends. It contains fourteen melodies, several of them very elegant and expressive productions. The Accompaniments are judicious, and the words in general are set with a correctness which is very little attended to in modern times. Improper names, and distorted accents, arising from a want of understanding between the musician and the poet, are too apt to grate upon our ears. The poetical part of the volume is of varied style and merit. The Author succeeds best in the simple and pathetic—there is no grandeur, no sublimity in his production, but much sweetness and propriety. His subjects are perhaps too often taken from the tender passion; by which means his powers are not allowed sufficient space for exertion, and his verses have a sameness of character.—We presume the feeling which is uppermost in his mind guides his pen; and as he protests that feeling is unchangeable, we cannot be surprised to find the pen often journeying towards one point. His poetry, however, suffers from it, and much that he is clearly capable of achieving remains undone. No. 5 appears to us to be the best musical production in the volume—there is much grace and beauty in it. Of the poetry, we shall give two or three specimens, which, as the volume is not accessible to the public, will, we doubt not, be acceptable.—The following is No. 6:—

The evening wind came sighing through  
The myrtle, and the almond trees,  
Their tender leaves were fring'd with dew,  
And seem'd to court that gentle breeze;  
'Twas then I thought of thee.

The blushing sun had sought his bride,  
The lovely Thetis claim'd his light,  
The sky, with crimson lustre dyed,  
Seem'd conscious of his blissful flight;  
'Twas then I sighed for thee.

The vines had crept from tree to tree,  
Their tendrils wooed the citron grove,  
And evening songsters tun'd to thee  
Their warmest, wildest notes of love;  
'Twas then I met with thee.

The following, which we consider a fair specimen of the Author's best manner, certainly possesses great beauty:

In weal or woe, in woman's breast,  
Affection finds a sheltering home,  
'Tis there the weary heart may rest,  
Nor ever feel a wish to roam;  
There peaceful as the summer stream,  
Each thought, each wish glides calmly on,  
The type of childhood's sweetest dream,  
Of innocence for ever gone.

The following is of a different character, it is entitled "Another Glass."

This sparkling wine we're pledging round,  
 My social friend must never pass,  
 Let us while mirth and joy abound,  
 Stay just to take "another glass."

I dearly love a jovial soul,  
 For cares and woes like clouds will pass,  
 And should they taint the magic bowl,  
 We'll drown them in "another glass."

Here's to my King, my Country too,  
 My friend distress'd I'll never pass —  
 Our happy hours are short and few,  
 Then pr'ythee take "another glass."

Contented I through life to roam,  
 And share its blessings with my lass,  
 For ever, 'till it will be a home,  
 With woman and "another glass."

And when life's dregs shall drain the cup,  
 That brilliant once I scorned to pass,  
 To pleasures fled, I'll drink it up,  
 Nor sigh to take "another glass."

Altogether, the volume is a handsome one; the title page is very elegantly engraved.

---

*Voluntary for the Organ, composed by Esther Elizabeth Fleet,  
 Organist of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.* Monro and May.

WITHIN the last few years, Organ Music has been more cultivated in this country than used formerly to be the case. The number of players has increased, and, which is of still greater importance, there has been a more than proportionable increase of scientific players. The young lady whose composition is now before us, has lately entered the list, and certainly gives great promise of future excellence. As a player, not only upon the organ, but on the piano-forte, she deserves great praise: amongst the few things which gave general satisfaction at the late badly managed Concert for the Choral Fund, Miss Fleet's playing may be reckoned as one—that we believe was stated to be her first appearance in public. The manner of her recent election to preside at the Organ of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, is also highly creditable to her, and shows the general estimation in which her talents are held.

The Voluntary before us testifies very favorably of her abilities as a composer; some of the harmonies are scientifically constructed, and produce a very solemn effect; but there is sufficient melody to please those who cannot fully appreciate the merit of a scientific composition. It consists of three movements—the first has afforded us the most gratification, but all of them evince taste and knowledge—several passages are very highly effective, and all lovers of sacred music will receive pleasure from its performance.

---

*Rossini's All'idea di quel metallo, arranged as a duet,* by J. J. Harris.

THIS very much admired melody from the opera of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, is too well known to need any description from us. Mr. Harris has arranged it as a duet very simply and skilfully.



## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## THE DRAMA—No. VI.

"But you who seek to give and merit fame,  
And justly bear a critic's noble name—

With mean complacency ne'er betray your trust,  
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust;  
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;  
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise."

POPE.

## DRURY LANE.

Thursday, March 1. A new comedy, from the pen of Mr. Soane, called the "Trial of Love," was produced for the first time this evening, and met with a most unfavorable reception. Indeed, we should have been much surprised if it had not. There was not either originality in its characters, novelty in its incidents, consistency in its plot, or wit or humor in its dialogue.

The merits of the actors were about on a par with that of the piece in which they performed.

On Friday, March 2, the Oratorios commenced, under the conduct of Mr. Bishop. That glorious composition, "The Messiah," was very judiciously selected for the occasion.

The great fault of these entertainments is, *they are too long*. For whatever one may feel with respect to the genius of Handel, however we may acknowledge his deep pathos, his calm sublimity, his mighty enthusiasm—yet, without the interest of a story, and the intervention of dialogue, or some other assistance to relieve the ear and amuse the mind, it really is almost impossible to engage the attention of an audience for five successive hours. The performance was extremely well attended.

Saturday, March 10. A new farce was produced this evening, entitled "Comfortable Lodgings." Mr. Peake is said to be the author, but it is by no means equal to his former attempts in this way. The whole support of the piece rested upon Mr. Liston, but even with his powerful aid it went off rather heavily. In fact, there was little or no merit in the dialogue, but some of the situations were exceedingly whimsical. Mr. Harley exerted himself, and made the audience laugh in a character which of itself furnished but slight matter for amusement.

On Monday, March 12, this theatre was dishonored by an exhibition more contemptible than any thing ever witnessed at the booths of Bartholomew Fair. We allude to the first (and last) appearance of a "gentleman" in the part of Othello. His appearance, voice, manner, indeed both performer and performance were so irresistibly ludicrous, that the galleries themselves partook in the general sensation, and interrupted the unfortunate actor with numerous hisses and peals of merriment. In short, a performance so disgraceful to a "national" theatre is probably not to be paralleled. It was treated with the disdain it deserved; the critics exposed it, the audience laughed at it, and the treasury suffered by it.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Mathews commenced his "At Home" at this theatre on Thursday, the 8th of March. It is, as usual, thickly interspersed with puns and jests; some of which are stale, some flimsy, and some good. Nevertheless, the manner in which they are told, renders them all amusing. His portraits of Cooke, Ingleton, Kemble, and others, are excellent, and highly finished. The first part of his entertainment, however, is occasionally on the point of waxing tedious, but then it is sure to be rescued from such a peril by a fresh joke, a funny song, or a new imitation; and, upon the whole, he seldom allows the risible faculties of his auditors to have many moments' rest. — The performance throughout was vehemently applauded.

## COVENT GARDEN.

Monday, March 5. Venice Preserved.—First appearance of Warde in Jaffier. This character is well known to be one of the most difficult on the stage, for it is hard to sympathize with the sorrows of a man so despicable. The female mind may, perhaps, in the triumph of its ascendancy, forgive his failings, and pity his misfortunes; but the manly

breast must recoil from the public miscreant, notwithstanding the constancy and devotion of his love.

Mr. Warde's performance was highly creditable to his talents, and was attended throughout with well-merited applause. His rebuke of Renault, his suppressed agony on being charged with cowardice, and his final resolution to save his friend from the hands of the executioner, deserve particular commendation.

Mr. Young's Pierre was a fine effort of the art. His first scenes with Jaffier were well-managed, and his taunting both of the conspirators and the senate, were admirable. He was also very impressive in the reproach of Jaffier's treachery.

Mrs. Sloman performed Belvidera with considerable effect, and was deservedly applauded.

Tuesday, March 6. Dr. Arne's Artaxerxes. This is the only opera in the English language constructed upon the model of the Italian, from which dialogue is totally excluded, and recitative supplies its place. The experiment of producing such an opera was not successful; the English language is not so well adapted to give effect to recitative as the Italian, principally because the final syllables of our words are, for the most part, short and unaccented, and are not purely vowel sounds, the contrary of which is the case in the Italian; neither are English performers much *au fait* in this branch of the art, and generally fail to impart to recitative the effect of which it is susceptible; moreover, an English audience is not altogether content with an entertainment which they cannot understand.

It is seldom that an attempt is made to produce this opera at any theatre, where it cannot be supported by a powerful body of vocal talent; and the certainty that it will prove a musical treat, imparts to it a certain degree of popularity, notwithstanding the objections we have pointed out.

Miss Paton, as Mandane, gave all the airs with that perfect execution which can only result from the combined influence of nature and art. "The Soldier tir'd," which was rapturously encored, is one of the most delightful musical treats which the stage affords.

The character of Artaxerxes does not call for the exertion of powers of the first order, but the delicacy and feeling of Madame Vestris's manner, invest it with an importance which it never before sustained.

Of Sapio's Arbaces, we cannot speak in terms of commendation; and the blustering vulgarity of Mr. Isaac's manner, was ill suited to the character of Artabanes.

Tuesday, March 13. A comedy in 3 acts, altered from Shirley by Mr. Poole, and called the "Wife's Stratagem; or, More Frightened than Hurt," was performed for the first time, and met with a very flattering reception. The incidents are not very artfully constructed, and the dialogue sometimes rambles in a very careless manner, yet, on the whole, it is a very agreeable play.

Of the performers, our limits will not authorize an extensive notice, nor our candour permit unconditional praise.—Wilding is not a character adapted to Mr. Warde; but as he never does any thing badly, there were many points in his performance which entitle him to praise.—We have seldom seen little Keeley to more, or Farren to less, advantage.—Mr. Jones was very spirited in the part assigned to him, though it did not abound in much point.

Madame Vestris performed with an arch vivacity that was highly entertaining, and Mrs. Chatterley is also entitled to praise, for the taste and feeling with which she personated Mrs. Wilding.

There was a good deal of applause on the announcement of the piece for repetition; but, we confess, our expectations are not very sanguine as to the run which it is likely to enjoy.

W.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Foreign Quarterly Review is about to be established in London, under the management of several gentlemen with whose abilities the public are already acquainted. If well conducted, we should imagine it may be highly interesting.

A forthcoming Satire is announced in the newspapers. There is certainly great room for a writer of excellence to display himself in this walk of literature.

About a dozen new novels are proclaimed from Burlington-street. It is really sickening to see to what an extent the nonsense that issues from this manufactory is puffed—they have puffs for every gradation and intermediate stage, from the first idea of a work, down to the time when its discovered nonsense sinks it into irretrievable obscurity.



## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

E. G. Wakefield, W. Wakefield, and Mrs. F. Wakefield, have been found guilty of the abduction of Miss Turner. They will be brought up to the Court of King's Bench for judgment.

Lord Liverpool continues to improve in health, but it is not thought that he will ever be able to resume his official duties. A new Prime Minister will be appointed immediately after Easter.

The Marquis of Hertford is appointed by His Majesty to proceed on a Special Embassy to the Emperor of Russia, for the purpose of investing his Imperial Majesty with the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

**NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.**---A letter from Mr. Douglas, the botanist, to Dr. Hooker, recently received, dated from the Great Falls, on the Colombia River, contains the following paragraph :---“ There is here a Mr. Macleod, who spent the last five years at Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie River. He informs me, that if the natives, with whom he is perfectly acquainted, are worthy of credit, there is a North-west Passage. They describe a very large river, that runs parallel with the Mackenzie, and falls into the sea near Icy Cape, at the mouth of which there is an establishment on an island, where ships come to trade. They assert that the people are very wicked, having hanged several of the natives to the rigging. They wear their beards long. Some reliance, I should think, may be laid on their statement, as Mr. Macleod showed us some Russian coins, combs, and several articles of hardware, very different from those furnished by the British Company. Mr. Macleod caused the natives to assemble last summer, for the purpose of accompanying him in his departure for Hudson's Bay. The sea is said to be open after July.

His Majesty's ship *Hecla*, Capt. Parry, bound on a voyage of discovery to West Spitzbergen and the North Pole, lying opposite the King's Yard, at Deptford, has been inspected by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. The *Hecla* will take her final departure from the Nore in the first week in next month. The *Hecla* sails on the present occasion alone, unaccompanied by any transport or ship of war. Her burden is about 400 tons, and though a post ship, she only carries 2 6-pounders, and a complement of 64 men, consisting of 20 officers and warrant officers, 7 marines, and a fine crew of seamen.

## BIRTHS.

1826.—Oct. 23, at Sydney, the Lady of Lieut. General Darling, Governor of New South Wales, of a son.

1827.—Jan. 30, at Copenhagen, the lady of the Right Hon. Henry Williams Wynn, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, of a daughter.

Feb. 22, at Geneva, the lady of Sir John Powlett Orde, Bart. of a son.

March 7, at Barham-court, Kent, Lady Barham, of a daughter. 9, at Camden-hill, the Hon. Lady Colville, of a son. 10, at Hansley Manor House, Hants, the lady of Wentworth Bayly, Esq. of a son. 11, Willesden-green, the lady of Osborn Chambers, Esq. Solicitor, of a daughter; at Sufton-court, Herefordshire, the lady of Thomas Charles Bridges, Esq. of a daughter; in Great James-street, the lady of George Hume, Esq. of a son. 16, at Puttenham Priory, Surrey, the lady of Richard Sumner, Esq. of a daughter. 19, the lady of Robert P. Tyrerwhitt, Esq. of a son; at Hexworthy, Cornwall, the lady of Francis Glanville, jun. Esq. of a son; in Hertford-street, Mayfair, the lady of Sir G. F. Hampson, Bart. of a daughter. 21, at Trinity-square, Mrs. Tenant, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

Feb. 24, at Millbrook, Hants, Joseph Hayne, Esq. of Haddon, in the Island of Jamaica, to Frances Jane, daughter of William Carter, Esq. of Millbrook. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom left for the Continent.—At Warwick, George Morgan, Esq. of Clarence-terrace, Regent's Park, to Ann, second daughter of the late W. Anderson, Esq. of Udoll, N. B. and of Highwood Hill, Middlesex; 27, Major R. C. Pollock, 90th Light Infantry, to Margaret A. Sheridan, youngest daughter of the late Mrs. Sheridan, of Percy-street, Bedford-square.

March 13, at Abington, Northamptonshire, John Dauncey, Esq. to Lucy, third

daughter of John Harvey Thursby, Esq. of Abington Abbey; at Chatham, R. W. Croker, Lieut. 13th Reg. second son of Major Croker, Quartertown House, Ireland, to Caroline Elizabeth, fourth daughter of J. N. Devonshire, of Kilshanick House, County Cork; Lieut. H. Ogle, R. N. to H. A. Bracebridge, of Eastbourne, Sussex, only daughter of the late W. Bracebridge, Esq. of Warwick; Mr. J. E. Fisher, of Lower Eaton-street, Grosvenor-square, surgeon, to Miss Tanner, late of Sutton, Surrey. 14, at Hammersmith, W. Allen, Esq. of Stoke Newington, to Mrs. Berkbeck, of the same place. 16, J. Hesketh, eldest son of Sir T. B. Lethbridge, of Sandhill Park, Somersetshire, Bart. to Julia, daughter of H. H. Hoare, Esq. of Wavendon House, Bucks. 20, at Dagenham, in Essex, Henry Shaw Lefevre, Esq. to Helen, fourth daughter of the late General Le Marchant. 22, at Kensington Church, by the Rev. B. V. Layard, Rector of Uffington, Col. Sir Edward Miles, C. B. to Mary, only child of the late Richard Hopkins, Esq. of Kensington; Griffith Jones, Esq. to Maria Josephine, only daughter of Alexander White, Esq. of Kingsland Crescent.

## DEATHS.

1826.—Aug. 24, at Arcot, Lieut. C. Thwaites, youngest son of A. Thwaites, Esq. Euston-square.

1827.—After a few days illness, the lady of Col. Brown, of Amwell Bury, Herts, aged 68; lately at Bath, Robert Williams, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the Blue; at Lyndhurst, the Countess of Effingham; at Sidmouth, Lady Maria Caulfield, eldest daughter of Lord Charlemont, in her 21st year; at Mettra, aged 27, Francis Dibdin, senior Lieut. of the 3rd Light Cavalry, Bengal Establishment, and only surviving son of the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, D. D. Rector of St. Mary's, Mary-le-bone, and Vicar of Exing, Suffolk; at Woolwich, Lieut. Hutchins, of the Royal Artillery; Mary, the wife of Richard Arkwright, Esq. of Willersley, in the County of Derby; in Connaught-square, Lieut. Col. Radclyffe, Major of Brigade to the Cavalry in Great Britain, aged 53.

Feb. 21, at Rome, Miss de Montmorency, the only daughter of Colonel de Montmorency, h. p. Royal York Hussars. 23, at Kinnerton Lodge, Flintshire, Mrs. Richards, sister of the late Lord Chief Baron. 24, at Rome, Col. T. Dalton, of Parrocks, Kent. 26, at Comb Hay House, near Bath, in her 26th year, Jescinthia, wife of Wm. Gore Langton, Esq. jun. 27, Chas. Law, Esq. of Staple Grove Lodge, near Taunton, and formerly of the house of Law and Whittaker, of Ave Maria-lane, in his 63rd year; at his house in Warren-street, William Kitchiner, Esq. M. D. in the 51st year of his age.

March 5, at Beechmount, County Tipperary, at the advanced age of 83 years, John Godfrey, Esq. Deputy Lieut. and one of the oldest Magistrates of the County. 6, at the residence of her son-in-law, John Blennerhassett, Esq. of Mount-street, Merrion-square, Dublin, Mrs. Georges, relict of the late Dean Georges, sister-in-law to Lady Charleville, and Aunt to the Marchioness of Thomond. 10, at her house in Henrietta-street, Bath, after a lingering illness, in her 81st year, Mrs. Hunn, mother of the Right Hon. George Canning. 11, T. Todd, Esq. of Lanchester, Durham, and late of the General Post Office; at Creed, Devon, Frances, youngest sister of Sir Humphrey P. Davie, Bart.; John Usher, Esq. of St. John's Wood-road; at Windsor, Lady Dundas, widow of the late Sir David Dundas, Bart.; the Rev. R. C. Barnard, Rector of Withersfield, Suffolk, in his 69th year; in her 94th year, Mrs. C. Holt, the last branch of the family of Lord Chief Justice Holt; at the Rectory House, Sproughton, near Ipswich, Mrs. Rogers, the wife of the Rev. George Rogers, Rector of that parish. 12, at Brighton, Frederick, son of the Hon. J. Stewart, aged 13 months. 13, at St. James's-square, Bath, in the 27th year of his age, George, fifth son of the late William Harkness, Esq. of Dublin. 15, the Rev. Alex. Thistlethwayte, youngest son of the Rev. Alex. Thistlethwayte, of Norman-court, near Salisbury. 17, at the Rectory House, Bower's Gifford, the Rev. T. Thirlwall, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Essex; at Cheltenham, aged 79, Mr. T. Easthope, father of J. Easthope, Esq. M. P. for St. Alban's; at Fairfield Lodge, Croydon, Elizabeth, relict of the late Samuel Robinson, Esq. aged 85. 19, at the Hon. T. Windsor's, Gore-house, Jane, relict of the late Hon. and Rev. Bromley Cadogan, in her 75th year; in his 59th year, Edward Dewing, Esq. of Guist, in Norfolk, and one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for that County. At East Moulsey Park, aged 61, the Dowager Lady Crewe, relict of the late Sir Henry Harpur Crewe, Bart. of Calke Abbey, Derbyshire; in Torrington-square, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. Ralph Henry Dunkin, Surgeon, only son of J. W. Dunkin, Esq. late of Demerara. 22, at the Grange, Bermondsey, Joshua Butterworth, Esq. in his 76th year.